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# THE CONTINENT

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CAMPED FOR THE NIGHT.

## ABOUT THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE.

AMONG the high and snow-crested mountains of Colorado, which separate the Atlantic from the Pacific slope of the continent, and not far from the narrow pass leading from Lake City to Silverton, the Rio Grande river has its source. There is no other stream of equal magnitude, perhaps, which has such a romantic birthplace. Not only do the higher mountains composing the range, from the unmolested corners of which the Rio Grande gathers its first strength, reach an average altitude of from 10,000 to 14,000 feet, but the great divide is filled with lesser heights of no mean dimensions, which are wild and isolated, and covered with dense forests, in the shades of which there is an abundance of game. Here and there a narrow trail may be seen, leading up a deep gorge, and then climbing by snake-like coils around high bluffs, and along the edges of dark and somber gulfs; but, usually, there are not even these pathways in sight, and the country bears evidence on every side of being a region where nature exists with a sway as undisputed as that she enjoyed centuries ago.

In these high fastnesses a chaotic confusion exists, and the intense cold of winter, which creates immense banks of snow on the highest portions of the range, is only slightly tempered by the summer sun. Filling the ravines, choking up the cañons, and spreading far along the tops of the mighty hills, which seem,

"Like some vast fleet,  
Sailing through rain and sleet,  
Through winter's cold and summer's heat,"

are snow drifts of such depth that the only effect of August days upon them is to force from their bulk a thousand tiny streams, which run wild races down the mountain sides when free, and which help to swell the different rivers flowing from off the continental divide to the Atlantic and Pacific slopes. Some of the streams thus formed here had sufficient force to clear a way for themselves, in spite of all the rocks and fallen trees. The ugly scars their wilful wanderings have made extend up and down the sides of the range. But most of them are too small to displace all the impediments to their course that are met with, and have to gain the lower levels by crawling around the dark basaltic pinnacles, leaping headlong from crag to crag, or falling down between the foothills wherever nature has formed a gully. In winter these numerous waterfalls are caught by the cold, and frozen stiff, so that the ragged cliffs are covered with long, tapering icicles, which hang in glittering array all along their faces. And even in the summer, the nights are often cold enough to hang the bushes and the shrubs with jewel-like pennants, when the spray from the falling waters has been detained by the chilly air. One notices, when in this elevated region, the absence of that freshness so

characteristic of the mountains in the East. There the streams are crystal pure, and through the sylvan shades beneath which they run, weaving patches of sunlight show the smooth pebbles lying beneath the laughing waters; but in the Sierra Madre, as the old geographers called this great divide, the rivulets are angry, dashing, and foam-decked, full of the work they have before them ere they enter the valleys of warmth beyond, and it seems as though they were always running a race with the cold, and were afraid that an icy hand would stop their gambols if they did not get down the mountain sides as quickly as possible. They are as much on the defensive, apparently, as the watershed itself, and the latter, with its bare layers of tumbled rock, its raw, sharp shoulders, and its sturdy trees, looks bulky enough, and strong enough, to withstand even the fury of those storms of rain, and snow, and wind which sweep down upon it from the mountain regions scattered all about. And yet, notwithstanding its great strength, the old divide of waters has had a hard time of it during the centuries in which it has waged battle with the elements. Not only do the dead and half-fallen trees scattered about the forest tell the story of their final overthrow by the wind, but the masses of fallen rock, broken into countless thousands of pieces, and lying now in a confused heap at the base of the cliffs, tell of how the water has soaked into tiny crevices far overhead, and then, freezing, has pressed steadily deeper and deeper down into little holes and seams, until the resisting mass of rock has been forced from its old resting place and hurled into the gulf below. Thus, high above the temperate zones, the gentle charms of nature have all been lost. No flowers grow, and there are no bright patches of greenward. Trees and shrubs are lost to view when we stand on the highest summits, and though the summer sun may shine, without a cloud to break its rays, still the air is cold, and the pointed rocks of granite reach out of their snowy beds, like black islands from a foaming sea.

The Rio Grande del Norte is a river of many moods and great length, and is as wayward as its course, running now in one direction and now in another, as its early surroundings are wild and confused. Born in the shadow of nameless peak of rock, and at an altitude thousands of feet above the level of the sea, it runs its long race southward to the Gulf of Mexico, and ends its existence under a tropic sun. It sees many changes as it gallops along its weary way—changes of climate and in the people living on its banks, and in its early days, before it widens and grows strong, and before losing its pureness, its way lies through cañons, deep and dark, down lonely, mountain-girded valleys and vast deserts of hot and burning sand. Now it steals past prosperous Colorado towns, and again brushes a Mexican hamlet. At times the current is slow and sluggish and half asleep, and then it breaks out into merry swiftness, and sings a joyous song as it dances over the pebbles or battles playfully with the rocks disputing its onward march. Here the banks are fringed with drooping trees that bend far over the mirror-like waters to catch sight of themselves; and again the forests, solitary and still, extend for miles back to the mountains. It flows through Colorado, into New Mexico, past Texas and the eastern borders of old Mexico, watering the otherwise arid plains of that region with its grateful moisture; and later on it reaches the vast, great, unsatisfied Gulf. For two thousand miles the Rio Grande knows no rest, and when at last it enters the great basin of waters, so far away from the cool

retreat where it was born, the historic river has become brown and muddy and old and tired with its long work, and all its old pureness and cool sparkle have been left far behind.

I remember once, not many years ago, watching from the tossing steamer's deck this death of the Rio Grande. The day was hot and sultry. A suffocating haze half hid from view the low-lying shores of Texas and Mexico, only a few miles from which we rode at anchor, and the waters of the river made a wide circle of yellow discoloration as they flowed into the Gulf. Those who came off from the shore in little row-boats to join us on the voyage to Vera Cruz wore as few clothes as modesty permitted, and the tanned cheeks and wide *sombreros* of our new *confrères* made us realize more than even the intense heat had, that we were in a tropic country. I remember thinking then of Cortez, and speculating whether he had looked at this ending of an undoubtedly mighty river, and if he had not longed to penetrate the unknown regions from which it came, and to which it might lead him if he could send his boats up its broad way. It must have had a strange fascination to this restless adventurer, who came across the seas with the cross in one hand and the sword in the other, and it seemed impossible that he could have passed the spot we now rode before without wondering where the Rio Grande had its source, and what countries it watered on its way.

But the world, after all, is very small when one gives time to seeing it; and though it seemed to me in 1878, when I wished that I might see the Rio Grande in its infancy, rather than when, at its journey's end, it was gathered into the bosom of the Gulf, that I should remember what Douglas Jerrold says:

"Wishes, at least, are the easy pleasures of the poor."

and let the desire die with my inability to gratify it. But I saw it often in later days—once when riding beside it in northern old Mexico, and again when I crossed it in San Luis park in Colorado; but one day, riding over the Sierra Madre from Lake City, my guide and companion broke a long silence which had existed between us as he studied the rough way, and I enjoyed the wild mountain scenery of the range, by exclaiming: "Here's the source of old Rio Grande; here 's where she starts on her long run to the Gulf."

And at once the recollection of the other times when I had seen the river come back, and with the recollection the thought of what a difference there was between the birth, so cold, and the death, so hot, of the historic stream.

It could not have been later than five o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the foot of the range, and jogged along toward Wagon Wheel Gap, where we were to sleep; but even at that hour the valley, down which we rode, and which runs in a southerly direction from the mountains, was half darkened by the great height of the cliffs forming it, and night approached so rapidly that we gave our horses a fresh urging and rode rapidly toward our destination. Those who have never taken long rides among the Colorado mountains can have but little idea of the amount of fatigue a man can stand when he has breathed the fresh air of the Rocky Mountains all day. He may discover himself stiff and sore when he comes to dismount, and an eight hours' sleep may seem to him only about one, he is so tired; but on the journey, when the crisp winds blow and there is not even a suggestion of sultriness in the air, he disregards all consequences, and feels that no day's ride will ever be too long. We had ridden this day of

which I write since early morning, stopping at noon only long enough to give our horses a rest, and to eat our lunch, as we sat upon a portion of the divide commanding an extended view of a billowy mass of snowy mountains, and of a lake, the delight of the deer, and yet with the coming of night we felt nearly as fresh as when the sun itself got up, and we had made our start. Our course for the next, and, for the benefit of my horse, I am glad to say the last, ten miles, led down the gorge, and ran close beside the head waters of the river.

High above us, to see which we had to crane our necks, the departing rays of the nearly exhausted sun were gilding a few of the higher peaks rising into the west at our right, and on the cliffs at our left there were ragged shadows cast by the fading light as it fell through the serrated edges of the opposite walls. The Rio Grande, flowing swiftly over a rocky bed and through long lines of shrubbery, filled the weird and rock-choked place with a dull and mellow roar, and this with the sounds our horses' feet made on the hard roads were the only one's to break the stillness of the hour.

Looking back toward the way we had come, a pure white bank of snow, resting gracefully on the long slopes of one of the mountains of the range loomed grandly at us, and seemed from its massiveness to be only a stone's throw away, while on the cliffs about us we could see the tall pines and firs of the forests peeping down into the gorge and gently waving in the breeze that blew among them. The air was cold, as the sunlight left us altogether, but was redolent with the unpolluted odors wafted from the trees, and entered our lungs with a strength-giving force which my guide found necessary to get rid of by singing an unwritten ditty to the generality of things, with some mention in it in particular of a supper and a bed.

Now we rode through a belt of timber where there was an inky blackness, and a rough, soggy road, and again were out of that and into a road leading between the rock, where granite masses towered above us fully a thousand feet, and where there was only room enough for the river and ourselves to find a passage. Never slacking their doglike trot, patient and untiring, our little ponies plodded onward, and the night kept even pace with all our progress.

Just as we had escaped from a particularly dark clump of trees, we crossed a rudely built bridge, which had been made by throwing down a few logs, and turned sharply to the right, riding westerly a few rods between some low-lying hills until a light flashed a long ray of gladness to us, and Owen ceased his hilarious singing long enough to say:

"And there's Mac's and supper."

By which expression I knew we were at Wagon Wheel Gap, and close upon the famed, and, as I learned later, justly famed, home of Mr. McClellan, who has a "hotel" here where he entertains all who visit him by chance or for pleasure in a most regal manner. It was only a few minutes now before we swung ourselves from out our saddles, saw Mac's portly figure and curly gray hair at the open doorway, saw our horses led away to the barn, and were made welcome before the open fire of logs in the little room known as the "office."

"Glad to see you," Mac said, directly we were seated.

"Where 'd you come from?"

"From Lake," I answer.

"Lake, eh; well, guess you must be hungry then, an' I've got just about as tender a bit of venison as you ever got onto. Rather against the law now to kill



A MOUNTAIN TRAIL.

much, but when one of my boarders *does* happen to bring home a bit and goes away an' leaves it, why it's worse than breaking the law to let it spoil I say. Eh?"

The room we were in was like many others stumbled across now and then among the mountains, only this had so much of its owner's individuality in its general appearance that it was the most delightful place to stretch one's legs in after a long day's ride that can be imagined. The ceiling was low and made of rafters, and the windows had those great wide seats which used to seem to me to belong especially to the old houses along the Maine shore which retired sea-captains used to live in, and which I used to delight in exploring. Mac had never followed the sea, but he had been a hunter, and so instead of Chinese curiosities in a glass case and pictures of full-rigged ships, he had hung antlers and heads around the room, and on the floor was a wide-spreading bear-skin.

"Kind o' warms the room, eh?" said our host, noticing our approval of the rug.

"Yes," I said. "And these other things—did you get them around here?"

"Yes," said Mac, looking at once so dreamy that I feared he might run off into recollections and forget our supper—"yes, some of 'em. Fact is, I always am picking up an antler, or stuffing a good head, and just hang 'em up in here, anywhere, to sort o' furnish the house. They don't make much good furniture around here."

And while the laugh went round supper was announced, and we left the blazing logs to crack themselves for the benefit of the dogs asleep before the blaze, and sat down at a table loaded with good things in the next room.

I have supped, and was then delighted, in many of Europe's brightest cities, and have sat long before the



vians "Del" has placed before me, but for pure, unalloyed satisfaction the half hour we passed at this crude Wagon Wheel Gap table exceeds all others. We ate until—well, leave to Dickens the description of eating, I only know we had a pipe, later, before the fire and then were glad to go to bed. And just before we turned the lights out, Mac came to us once more and introduced himself into our chamber with a glass of good hot punch, as he said, "to keep, the cold out of our bones while we slept."

Perhaps it was the potent liquor in that punch, or it may have been our ride, or our supper, or the sighing of the wind around the house, that made us rest like babies; I cannot tell now, nor could I then perhaps, but before our heads were well down on the pillows the world was all forgotten, and the present faded far away from beyond our grasp.

There is always something sad to one of a sympathetic soul in being entirely alone with nature. Either it is because of the utter cessation of all outward sounds characteristic of the busy haunts of men, when the thoughts go on in our busy brains with nothing to disturb them, or from the fact that man is brought into nearer relation with the infinite when contemplating the wondrous works of the great Creator. Traveling once over a long stretch of plain and far away from every trace of civilization, I came across the tent of a man who had located in the deserted region, and who sold odd goods to the passers by. The night before my arrival a tramp had told him to "hold up his hands" and deliver, and on his refusal to do so shot him dead. His body lay where it fell, and all sound of the fatal firing had long since been blown away across the wind-swept sands. The murder appeared the more horrible to me from having been done in such cold blood, and when there was no rumble of carts and busy passing of men to deaden the sound the pistol must have made. In many parts of the Colorado mountains I have noticed loud-talking men lower their voices and grow silent as we came to some particularly beautiful view or section of country; and once I camped with a man who lived on one of the highest peaks of the San Juan

mountains, who said "it sounded good to hear a human voice, for somehow he couldn't do much but think when away so far from all sounds but those of the wind in the trees."

And at Wagon Wheel Gap there is an utter stillness—a silence which bids one rest, and which allows time

for the study of the inmost thoughts, too often drowned by the rush of pleasures in the outer world. It is true there are many men digging away in the mountains surrounding the Gap, searching for silver and gold, but the sound of their picks is inaudible; and there are others who are fishing, or hunting, but the one rarely speaks, and the report of the other's gun is only a momentary waking of echoes, and makes the following silence all the more marked for the sudden interruption. The place is almost entirely surrounded by the foothills of the San Juan range, and the hotel, located on the edge of the hot springs which have made the place famous, is fully a mile away from the river, and from the highway leading westward to Silverton. During the past year the Denver and Rio Grande Railway has been extended up the Rio Grande valley, to a point some thirty



A MOUNTAIN BY-PATH.

miles west of Del Norte, and to within a short drive of the hotel; but its advent has not, as yet, robbed the Gap of its primitiveness, nor are the trains of the little narrow-gauge run often enough to disturb the general quiet of the place. How soon Wagon Wheel will grow into a second Manitou, or when the springs of hot and cold water, and of iron and sulphur, will be resorted to by fastidious invalids, is hard to tell. The ride by rail from Del Norte, up the cañon of the Rio Grande, is one which will undoubtedly become, sooner or later, exceedingly popular with all lovers of the beautiful in nature; and once the route grows popular, the Gap will lose all its present charm, and become another of those "resorts" which duster-enveloped travelers fill, and render hideous. When I rode up the valley for the first time, there were no rails laid, and we jogged along the way with a sleepy pair of horses. Nature was so undisturbed then, that we came across five deer on our journey, and the woods lining





IN WINTER QUARTERS.

the roadside seemed full of game. The cliffs bordering the river, and often pressing so close upon it that there was hardly room for even a narrow road to be built, were strangely like the Palisades of the Hudson, rising in broken terraces, and fringed with bushes. The forests, extending down almost to the banks of the Rio Grande, were thick and dark; but where a wind had swept down some of the largest trees, there were vistas of high mountains reaching far skyward in the distance, and we caught odd glimpses of narrow valleys, winding away among the foothills. Of course, all the bluffs, and many of the trees, and the rippling river, remain now, even after the railway has been built, but I would rather ride or drive to the Gap from Del Norte, so as to enjoy at leisure the ever-changing views afforded, and wish the engine had never desecrated—as it seems to me it has—the beautiful valley of the Rio Grande.

Why Wagon Wheel Gap should have been named so was a mystery for a time. It surely was not an Indian name, and the place bore no possible resemblance to a wheel. After much guessing, for Coloradoans are great enquirers after the "Why," the origin of the name became known. The christening occurred in 1851, probably in the early fall of that year. It seems that a little before this time a man by the name of Baker reported among the people of the East that he had discovered valuable placer mines in the San Juan country of Colorado, then the home and stronghold of the Ute Indians. Hundreds of eager men gladly followed his lead across the plains, skirting the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, over the range and into the San Juan, to what was believed to be a new El Dorado. The expedition was a failure, of course, although it now seems very probable that the place Baker knew of and tried to reach was the Summit district, where Senator Bowen has his rich gold mines. But the little party of 1851 lost their way, the supplies gave out, winter set in, and those who did not die of exposure and want had left only two great desires after giving up that of finding gold, one of which was to hang Baker

for leading them where he had, and the other to get home again. But Baker had, with praiseworthy discretion, hid from his former friends, and the men who were able began their weary march toward the East. Picking their way slowly down the narrow valley of the upper Rio Grande, between the walls of red and gray granite rising to the height of nearly fifteen hundred feet on either side of the river, they found a number of old wagon-wheels, broken axles and other parts of wrecked conveyances. This incident suggested at once a name to the place they made a camp of that night, and they called it Wagon Wheel Gap then and there.

But still there was much speculation as to how the wagon wheels came there. It was said at first that the Utes had "murdered" some earlier pioneer and then broken his wagon; and this would have sufficed for an explanation, perhaps, had it not afterward been proved that the wheels and lumber were the remnants of the Frémont expedition of 1848. In that year the then adventurous Pathfinder was on his way to the Pacific, and attempted to reach his destination by following up the Rio Grande valley, and then by crossing the range to the river Gunnison; but the roughness of the roads had already played sad havoc with his teams, and winter was approaching. So he made a camp just above the Gap, and hoped that by remaining there until spring he could again push forward toward the West. But his experience the next six months was only a repetition of the sufferings at Valley Forge. The depth of snow was not less than five feet, and the cold was intense. Supplies ran out, men and cattle died with alarming swiftness, and when spring came again the force of Frémont was so reduced that he put back to Santa Fé for reinforcements, and left his useless wagons for Baker's party to find and to name the Gap by.

It was our intention to stay at Mac's only one day, hoping in that time to give our horses rest enough, and to get through with the business which had brought us down from Lake. But we stayed nearer forty-eight than twenty-four hours, and in that time Mac showed

us many things which I, for one, had not discovered during my previous visit. The host gave us a dainty breakfast when we appeared below stairs the morning after our arrival, and then we had a quiet smoke while sitting in the sun on the piazza. The valley, extending toward the southeast from the hotel, is never wide, and grows quickly into a mere fissure between the hills. It is skirted with a heavy growth of timber, and opening into it are numberless other valleys extending into the range. In early fall, after the first cold nights, the maples, aspens and willows along the creek or brook bedeck themselves in all the colors of the rainbow, and form with the background of pines and firs which they have a glorious picture of quivering lights. Mac never grows weary of talking about these October colorings surrounding his home, and later in the day as we wandered up the valley and among the trees, he was continually stopping us to point out some view which he particularly admired, and which embraced the mountains, with white tops towering above long stretches of trees, or valleys winding in and out among masses of vari-colored ledges of rock. One ravine which we followed led up to a perpendicular wall of peculiarly-ribbed black and gray granite, the distant view of which furnishes a poetic and sublimely suggestive picture. The particular ledge giving the effect is on the west slope of the mountain, and can only be seen from a point about half way between the springs and the Gap. The wall is broad at its base, and carries the same width half way to the top, and then it gradually narrows to a sharp peak. The clear-cut ribs rising to this roof give the whole work the appearance of a grand and massive organ, while immediately in front of the rocky pipes there has grown up a grove of quaking aspens, which are framed, with the ledge, by a multitude of tall dark pines. The proper light and shade create a grand cathedral picture, with the shimmering aspens for white-robed choristers chanting their praises to Nature.

Wandering aimlessly down the valley, and following the clear waters of the musical creek, we came to the Rio Grande, and sat for a long time on its banks, watching some men fish for trout. The river is shallow and wide, and is undoubtedly the best trout stream in all Colorado. A fisherman who knows anything about the sport Walton loved so dearly and followed so devotedly, can easily catch from thirty to fifty pounds of trout in a day. We saw the speckled inhabitants of the clear waters caught in rapid succession while we loitered in the shade, and Mac said the creeks—Spring, Bellows and Savolla—which empty into the Rio Grande near the Gap, were full of fish.

"Why," said he, "I've had men stay here, and catch a hundred pounds in a day, and some of them weighed fully three pounds a-piece. The creeks are full, an' all you've got to do is to angle for 'em."

It was a pretty sight, and an exciting one, too, to see the sport we watched from the banks. The eager anglers stood knee-deep in the waters, casting their flies, and the bait hardly reached the rippling stream before the line ran out with a sharp whirr on the reel, and the fun began. Up and down the river swam the entangled trout, and now here, now there, ran the captor. We got excited watching the battle, and old Mac fairly perspired with joy. When the pretty but gasping fish was landed at last, we would run down to feel of him and guess his weight, and then return to our station again to hear our host relate some of his fish stories. It seems that the Gap is becoming known so well now that you may stumble over a man

plying his rod in nearly any of the creeks round about, but Mac says the supply is inexhaustible; and it certainly appears so. Although I cannot cast a fly a yard, and have never fished for anything more than "cunners" off the rocks of Maine, still, I should enjoy nothing better than to try a reel-pole around Wagon Wheel Gap, and especially if some one else would be sure to catch the fish and let me eat them, and have them taste as good as those did which Mac gave us for our supper that first night of our arrival.

There is plenty of game around the Gap, as one can see from the tracks about the creeks, where the various animals have been to drink. Bear, deer, elk, and antelope are abundant, and a sportsman may enjoy shooting to his heart's content. Of course we made all due allowance to Mac's stories of what had been done, but still I had proof again and again of there being game enough; and one man proved, by showing us some fresh heads, that he had shot five deer during the past few weeks. The deer are mostly found in the valleys, but larger game keeps in the hills, and one has to tramp deep into the forests before getting a shot. Mac killed a bear, this spring, from his piazza. The old bruin had grown hungry, or blind, I am not sure which, and had marched down to call on our friend for help, when the confidence was rewarded by a ball of lead. When I told to Mac I considered this murder, he looked argumentative, so I called attention to some view to avoid a controversy; but wished all the while that guns had never been made, for I do not like hunting, and do like to see animals, and, were it not for the one, I should have the other. Feminine fancy this, probably; but what satisfaction a man can have in killing a dozen deer or so in a day I cannot imagine. It would please me much better to see six of them among the trees, all alive, and pretty. I like beef better than venison any day, and a deer has a mighty pretty eye, and a graceful lope.

Following up the Rio Grande to a point where it makes a sharp turn around the base of the cliffs, we came to a high wall of solid rock, which rose with hardly a break in its massive front to the height of over a thousand feet, and saw, on the topmost ledge, a pile of stones, which Mac explained to be old breast-works, thrown up by the Indians many years ago.

"To fight white settlers?" I asked.

"No," said Mac. "The fort was made by the Utes, who'd always been friendly to the whites, to protect themselves from the Sioux and Apaches."

The story, in brief, is this: The Apaches, and more especially the Sioux, had long looked with covetous eyes upon San Luis park and the hunting grounds about the upper Rio Grande valley, owned by the Utes, and at last, after a long pow-wow, they planned a campaign to overthrow the Ute nation. Two large armies, therefore, set out for the mountains—one moving from the south and the other from the north—with plans all made to meet at one point, and wage a decisive battle; but when the 3,000 braves reached what is now the Gap, they found the Utes, numbering about 2,000, more than ready for the fight. The brave tribe fought with fury, and, from the fort they had erected on the top of the cliff, they hurled their arrows, spears, and rocks down upon the Apaches gathered in the deep ravine. All day long, so the report is, the barbarous battle was waged, and at night over two thousand warriors were either dead or mortally wounded. The Apaches and their allies, badly beaten, were glad to escape down the valley, leaving the Utes masters of the situation. Many years have elapsed since that day,

but the rocks which the Utes used to hide behind, and from the cover of which they hurled such destruction upon their foes, still remain, and those who climb to the dizzy height will find arrow-heads and the ends of spears scattered over the headland.

"I've found any lots of arrow-heads," said Mac, as he finished his recital, "an' up above here you can just plow up all sorts o' Indian curiosities."

It was nearly in the shadow of this fort that Fré-

houses are several rods from the spring itself, and when the water reaches the tubs, or large swimming tank, its temperature is sufficiently reduced to allow of its immediate application to the body. These hot baths excite profuse perspiration and pulse, and are exceedingly popular with miners and others who are troubled with colds and rheumatism. Spring No. 2, is remarkably effective in cases of a sluggish or loaded liver. The water is taken internally as well as bathed in. The



OVER THE RANGE IN WINTER.

mont's wagons were left; and opposite the cliff is a massive rock, almost entirely hollow, which used to serve as a post-office years ago. It never had a postmaster, to be sure, and the government paid no attention to its existence, but for all that the place was the receptacle of many a letter, and was well known throughout the region. Somebody placed an old box within the rock, and prospectors going in or coming out of the San Juan range were accustomed to leave their letters there for passing friends, knowing the latter would never pass that way without opening the box to see what news it contained for them. In these latter days, when a real post-office has been created in a log cabin a little down the valley, the ancient office is used by the children as a play house, and the day we looked at it, a couple of frowzy-headed youngsters were peeping out of its dark recesses at us as we wandered about the spot.

I presume Wagon Wheel Gap is destined to become a famous health resort. Its elevation is over 8000 feet, the days are never excessively warm even in summer, and in July and August the nights are always cool enough for blankets. Malaria is unknown, the air is pure and invigorating, and the medicine springs which bubble from the earth near the hotel, are pronounced by experts who have examined them to be unusually efficacious in a great many diseases. It is claimed in particular that all forms of blood poisoning and rheumatism are speedily cured, and the baths are wonderful stimulants to the appetite. Spring No. 1, as it is called, is the one which supplies the water for bathing purposes, and it has a temperature of 150° F. The bath-

iron spring near by is a fine chalybeate tonic. The following table, taken from Lieutenant Wheeler's report to the government, will give the ingredients of the various springs:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Sodium Carbonate.....	69.42	Trace.	144.50
Lithium Carbonate.....	Trace.	Trace.	Trace.
Calcium Carbonate.....	13.08	81.00	22.42
Magnesium Carbonate.....	10.91	5.10	22.42
Potassium Sulphate.....	Trace.	Trace.	Trace.
Sodium Sulphate.....	23.73	10.66	13.76
Sodium Chloride.....	29.25	11.72	33.34
Silicic Acid.....	5.73	1.07	4.75
Organic Matter.....	Trace.	Trace.	Trace.
Sulphureted Hydrogen.....	Trace.	12.00	Trace.
Total.....	152.12	71.39	218.77

It is proposed to lay out and beautify the grounds around these waters, and I believe considerable capital has already been pledged to erect bath-houses, hotels, and cottages. When the day arrives that this plan is carried into execution we may look for many changes at the Gap, not the least important of which will be the absence of that primitiveness now existing and which is so delightful.

I could not help thinking of this as we walked about the byways, explored the cañons and ravines, climbed the wooded foothills, and enjoyed the gentle stillness of the place; and very likely the Gap will soon cease to have any attractions left for those who are satisfied or contented to be alone with Nature as she exists in the heart of the Rockies.

The day we left the Gap we rode up the valley again until nightfall, when we camped with a party of miners



who were working a mine called the "Ohio," and who lived in a log-house perched among the San Juan peaks, and known as Rose's Cabin. It was so cold that we needed the big fire to keep comfortably warm, and we slept rolled up in our blankets with our feet to the blaze.

Early the next day, and as soon as the sun first began to touch the tops of the highest peaks we were off again on our ponies, and began our climb over the range into Cunningham's Gulch, which would lead us to Silverton.

I have spoken of the source of the Rio Grande del Norte, but the great water-shed which sends that mighty stream down to the Gulf also starts another river, the Rio Las Animas, on its way to the Pacific. And it is down Cunningham's Gulch that these waters pass their first days of life; the trail down the western slope of the range is hardly wide enough for even a mule to find his footing, and consists of a pathway which clings to the sides of a high mountain, and which runs beside a succession of deep gulfs, into the depths of which one may gaze for a thousand feet or more.

At first we were above timber line, and riding where the view of the adjacent mountains, snow-crowned and wild, was uninterrupted by bush or tree, but gradually we gained a lower altitude, and after passing through a belt of timber we came into a cañon which bears the unmelodious name of Cunningham's Gulch. It was here we began to have some realization of the immense height of the mountains we had crossed. The walls of the Gulch must have towered fully two thousand feet in places above us, and beyond their steep sides we could catch a glimpse of pointed cones of rock which absolutely pierced the clouds. In the bottom of the ravine, full of somber shades, and cool, ran the stream, leaping wildly over the rocks and full of fleecy foam, while leaping over the edges of the rocky walls about us were innumerable cataracts which fell at our feet in heavy volumes, or were dashed into feathery fragments as they bounded from ledge to ledge. As we neared Silverton the mountains showed us sides which the hardy prospectors had burrowed into, searching for silver or gold, and in many places these tiny holes were made so high above us that they seemed like rat-diggings, and one wonders who ever could climb so high, and how it is possible to get what ore is found down to the levels of civilization.

It was nearly night when the lights of Silverton twinkled out at us from the darkness ahead, and the bold outlines of the hills around the place began to be dimly visible. Pushing on as rapidly as the nature of the road permitted, and as fast as we could get our ponies to go, we drew up at last before an inn, or hotel, as I suppose the place must be called, and rested for the night, sleeping in the cool air of the town as only tired travelers in these Colorado mountains can; and sleep comes quickly to those who know that on the morrow there is another day of hard riding over steep ridges and through the deep gullies of the region.

Silverton may be said to rest in the very lap of the San Juan, and is in the middle of that great mineral region which has made Colorado famous. The little wooden houses and log cabins of the town are scattered here and there on a stretch of level ground known as Baker's Park, and occupy both banks of the Rio Las Animas River. Surrounding the city, and rising to a considerable height above it, are deeply-scarred mountains, so shutting in the park as to form a veritable amphitheater, and which throw long shadows into the valley both early in the morning and in the afternoon.

The Rio Las Animas is here a pretty stream, clear, musical and full of life, and the view from any part of the town embraces a wide range of mountains, some of which are so high as to have caps of snow, and all of which are formed of delicately pointed pinnacles and wooded slopes. Leading from out the great natural basin, and into the range, there are innumerable cañons, narrow and twisting, brush-lined and deep, down the bottoms of which flow the streams which the melting snows have formed. It has always been a pleasure to me to watch the lights and shadows on these mountains about Silverton, and they have as much fascination for me as the sea has for many others. They are grand and majestic, wild and independent, and were created by some awful convulsion of nature, centuries upon centuries ago. Storm-worn and weather-beaten, they seem like huge giants, conscious of their strength, oblivious of all the elements marshalled against them. To-day the clouds roll about the higher summits, and ride slowly in and out of the cañons; and anon there is only the deep blue sky above them all, against the surface of which the serrated tops are clearly and beautifully outlined. Early morning crimson the peaks, and the varied hues of sunset light them up with prismatic colors. Here they are dark, belligerent and full of fitful shades; here soft and mellow, blue-hazed and beautiful. They change their colors with every hour of the day, and afford at all times most enticing pictures for the true lover of nature to study and to enjoy. Silverton itself is a busy, energetic town, peopled by miners, and is the place from which large quantities of ore are shipped to the East. It is only a few years old, but it has been made a city, and has gas, a mayor and a council, and there are several large and handsome buildings. Still it is a mining-camp—on a large scale—and one is forever running across a mining man, and sees many loads of ore carted through the town to the smelters. The sides of the mountains, too, are covered with prospect holes, and foot-paths lead from the city to the little dark holes which have bored into the bowels of the range. Colorado has no richer district, perhaps, than this around Silverton, and the city is destined to have a rapid growth as the different claims begin to be developed.

From Silverton our route lay westward over a high mountain spur to Ophir. We left the hotel at noon, and because we had fresh horses our progress at first was rapid enough. The road led down the valley a mile or so, and then gradually bore to the right, and up an ascent which grew constantly steeper and steeper. For an hour or two we were able to keep up a slow canter, but after passing the little cabin where we paid toll, the way became so steep that we were obliged to walk our ponies and often to get off of them and walk ourselves. Dense forests surrounded us on all sides, and as far as we could see there were tall trees, and a thick mass of shrubbery completely shut out from our sight any of the surrounding country.

Ophir is not over fifteen miles west from Silverton, but the ridge of mountains separating the two towns is so high, and the road to its top is so steep, that it was nearly twilight when we came in sight of the cabin which is perched on the summit and from which we looked down the valley to Ophir. Late in the afternoon and when the sunlight only fell on the tops of the higher peaks about us, we had reached the limit of timber, and were feeling our way over a collection of loose, volcanic stones. A heavy mass of clouds hung about the dreary-looking pinnacles of rock rising on all sides of us, and the view, which otherwise would have



embraced a vast area, was almost completely shut in by the hurrying and dense folds of cold vapor. There was no rain to be sure, but our coats became wet as we rode through the mist, and the cold became so great that our fingers grew numb, and the ponies were allowed to pick their way without guidance. Here and there in the crevices of the peaks lay deep banks of snow, looking very ghostly when seen through the thick clouds, and at times the mist lifted sufficiently to allow us a glimpse of deeper banks resting on the surrounding summits. It was hard amid all this bleakness and cold to realize that it was July, and hot enough in the country now far below us, and somehow the awful stillness of the region, the sight of the gaunt, damp, cold headlands made us feel isolated from civilization, and as though we were exploring a bit of Arctic remoteness. Before escaping from the timber belt, which reaches nearly to a height of 13,000 feet, the trail led through a mass of wild flowers, which formed a brilliant carpet under the shadow of the trees, pale, delicate and beautiful they were, but without fragrance, there was a great variety, and the colors were of the utmost brilliancy. Stopping our horses we picked handfuls of the hardy defiers of storms and cold winds, and some of them are to-day pressed between the folds of old family Bibles in distant New England.

The cabin which we reached was occupied by a man who collects toll from passengers crossing the range. This hut—built long ago—was perched on the very edge of a deep chasm, and was sheltered on one side by a massive rock and bank of snow. Leaving our ponies to shiver in the cold wind, we asked entrance to the cabin, and were soon resting and warming ourselves before the little stove, which flared and glowed with its fierce fire, in a vain attempt to keep out the cold which blew in at the doorway and between the logs. It was very often cold like this, the man said, and, oh yes, the wind usually was pretty strong.

"Do you stay here the year round?" we asked.

"Oh, no," he answered, "I'm only here a few months in summer. In winter the snow gets too deep, and it's too cold to live here. Why, I have to keep this fire going all the time, even at this season."

"Are you alone all the time?" I asked.

"Yes; or am alone all day. At night the 'freighters,' or men who drive the *burros* over the pass, or who tend the roads, come to stay with me. I'm cook and gate-keeper all in one."

And later he offered some of his home-made bread, and a glass of whiskey—the latter tempting only my friend—who was a new comer in the West, and who immediately asked for a liberal supply of snow-water, as soon as he had swallowed the "40-rod" concoction. How snug we were, to be sure, sitting there around the welcome fire. Outside the wind was howling, and dimly singing around the bare peaks and about the corners of the cabin, and now and then the tinkle of a bell was heard, as a train of *burros* passed the door laden with huge bags of ore and bound for the smelters at Silverton. Did he read much, we asked. Ah, yes; a good deal during the day, and he thought a good deal, too, he said, and was glad to see strangers. Why did he live here? Well, he couldn't tell, exactly; he was born in Ohio, and when old enough to travel, had gone West, and, "somehow," he said, "I can't stay where

there's many people; I'm always wanting to move westward, and get away from civilization. I like it here, 'cause I'm alone, and quiet. I don't like the world, don't like excitement, an' I guess I'll always keep this hut in summer, an' in winter I'll get into as quiet a place as I can."

When we had rested as long as we dared—for it was several miles to Ophir, yet—we went out into the cold again, mounted our ponies, said good-bye, and were soon feeling our way carefully down the narrow trail leading to Ophir. Before us, as we left the cabin, and began the descent, stretched a long but narrow valley, hemmed in by high hills, and guarded at its extreme western end by a towering peak, known as Mount Wilson. The sun was trying to get entirely out of sight behind the western mountains, and had so nearly succeeded that only a softened light came from it to gild the snow and tree-covered heights, while floating here and there about the valley were masses of clouds, rolling far below us and only offering us uncertain glimpses of the town. Down the middle of the valley, silvery, foam-decked and noisy, ran a mountain stream, which swept along under the rank mass of shrubs, and just touched the town before disappearing in the distance. The trail we followed clung closely to the sides of high, bold cliffs, treeless and crumbling, which rose above us on the right, while at our left a sheer descent of a thousand feet, or more, led to the valley. It was slow, tiresome work, riding down the steep incline, and yet the possible danger, should our ponies make one misstep, warmed our blood sufficiently to enable us to forget the coldness of the air. Gradually, as we rode on, sunlight faded altogether, and when we reached the level of the ravine it was so dark that we could barely distinguish the road before us, and the ringing up of the theater curtain never brought more gladness to the heart of a child than the lights of Ophir did to us, when they twinkled out of the darkness later in the night.

Ophir, like Silverton, is a mining camp. The town consists of a score or so of houses bunched together, and nestling beside the river, while surrounding the valley on every side are the mountains of the San Juan region, covered with timber, and filled with prospect holes. During the summer months the town is practically deserted, but in winter the miners return from their tramps among the hills and collect on cold nights about the open fire to recount their adventures during the past season. It is never very warm in Ophir, however, even during the summer months. When we arrived at the "hotel," and after our horses had been led away, we were glad enough to seek the fireside, and a little later our beds. Before we fell asleep we heard the wind whistling about the corners of our cabin—for such is the hotel—and I have no doubt the same melancholy sounds continued all the night; they certainly greeted us when we woke. For Ophir is quite a breezy little place—a quaint mountain town, continually reminding one of Switzerland. This resemblance, indeed, is so striking that a sort of unconscious lookout is kept for a sight of shepherds coming into the valley at nightfall, and an Alpen horn would seem to be the proper thing for the miners to blow on their way to town from the holes they are busy digging during the day high up among the forest-covered hills.

EDWARDS ROBERTS.

## TOO TRUE FOR FICTION-X.

"'Tis strange, but true; for Truth is always strange—  
Stranger than Fiction."—BYRON.

THESE stories, published anonymously under the above general title, are by the following authors:

CHARLES BARNARD,  
ROSE TERRY COOKE.

EDGAR FAWCETT,  
(Author of "An Ambitious Woman.")  
ROSSITER W. RAYMOND,  
ANNA K. GREENE,  
(Author of "The Leavenworth Case.")

HELEN JACKSON (H. H.),  
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JOHN HABBERTON,  
(Author of "Helen's Babies.")  
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LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,  
MARY B. PARKER,  
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,  
NATHAN C. KOUNS,  
(Author of "Arlus the Libyan.")  
SARA ORNE JEWETT,  
A. W. TOURGEE.

In addition to these, other equally well-known writers have promised to contribute, and all have cordially expressed their warm approval of this latest form of the literary conundrum. The series will contain twenty or more stories. The names of all those contributing will be published from time to time during the continuance of the series.

### ON THE STROKE OF THE CLOCK.

"There's a time in the lives of most women and men,  
When all, I say, would go smooth and even,  
If but only the dead could find out when  
To come back and be forgiven."

"Of course the very idea of a ghost's revisiting the glimpses of the moon is an absurdity on the face of it. Shakespeare himself couldn't make it seem possible. His choicest ghosts smack of melo-drama, and suggest blue lights and the smell of brimstone."

I was rather young when I made this remark, and I think I felt a little proud of my strength of mind, and my superiority to benighted believers in the supernatural. At least, I expected the approval of the man to whom I was talking—a hard-headed Canadian doctor, of French descent on one side and English on the other—the very last man to own to nerves or be subject to delusions. He listened to me with a somewhat singular smile; then he blew a meditative whiff from his pipe, and said, quietly:

"You seem cock-sure about it. I suppose you never saw a ghost?"

"I'm inclined to think neither I nor any one else ever saw one," I answered, stoutly.

"So! Let me see. It's November, I think—the 15th of November. How lonesomely the wind howls? I remember just such a night as this, twenty-two years ago. I'll tell you the story of it. I'm a tolerably sane man—at least, I suppose that's your present opinion, eh?"

"Rather the sanest man I know, I should say."

"Very well. I'll take that statement at its present value. You'll probably want to change it by the time I get through."

After this point our dialogue ceased, and I listened to Dr. Gerrard's story without once interrupting him. I'll drop my quotation marks, therefore, and let him tell the tale, just as he told it to me, on the 15th of November, A. D. 1883.

Twenty-two years and two weeks ago, I came home from my mother's funeral with a desperately sad heart. My father was an Englishman, as you know. He died when I was but a boy; yet I remember his resolute though kindly nature, his strength of will, his conservatism—all about him, in short, as well as if he had died but yesterday. I had an unbounded reverence for him, which, indeed, he well deserved; but my whole boyish heart was given to my mother. She was French,

and she had all a Frenchwoman's charm. She was of stately height, and splendid figure, and she had great dark eyes, in which I could always read her thoughts. How tender those eyes could be, and also how proud and cold! She was notably beautiful in her young days, as I have been often told since by those who remembered her. I never thought whether she was beautiful or not—I only knew she was my mother, and that I adored her.

I can remember well the passionate grief with which she mourned for my father. I truly believe that she only went on living for my sake. For my sake, after the first few months, she did her best to hide her grief, and to share my life, and make herself my cheerful companion, as before. She had one little trick which I always associate with her memory. I was a great sleeper. She, on the contrary, was naturally an early riser, and she believed in the morning hours as the best time for all mental work. If I slept beyond seven o'clock, she always used to wake me by scratching with her delicate nails upon my pillow. I used instantly to open my eyes at this sound, and sometimes was rewarded with roses, sometimes with the motherly kisses I was so unlike most boys as really to value. Forgive me. I am dwelling too long on the past—and it is not the story of those early days that I want to tell you.

They went by quickly enough. I entered college; got through creditably; took my degree; studied medicine, and at twenty-four began my practice in my native town, where my father had been, for many years, a successful physician. People seemed to believe in me from the first, for his sake, and I had none of the hard struggle that usually attends the beginning of a profession. I had a paying practice, even the first year, and by the time I was twenty-six I felt myself really well-established. My mother was unreasonably proud of me—that's a kind of delusion to which mothers are subject. Not one single shadow had ever come between us, and I did not suppose that one ever could.

I was sent for, one day, to attend a new case, in a part of the town a little out of my usual beat. I found in my patient the most beautiful girl I had ever seen—though even then, when I was twenty-six, and my mother was forty-four, she might safely have challenged

comparison with this lovely young creature of eighteen. My mother was dark, and stately, and proud—a woman to be worshiped. Lena Grey was slight, blue-eyed, sensitive, with a gentle, appealing manner, and a shy color, that came and went on her cheeks at every breath. Her illness was not very serious—merely a sort of slow fever—but her parents were unduly alarmed about her.

They were such people as I had been accustomed to consider quite out of my sphere, having been brought up by my mother—who had a right to a *de* before her name—in all the absurd prejudices against trade which belonged to her race. I should never have expected to find any one with the breeding of a lady under John Grey's roof; but not my mother, herself, was more exquisitely refined than this girl, who soon began to seem to me the one desirable object in the whole world.

I shrank weakly from speaking about her to my mother, for I foresaw a struggle. I never dreamed, however, but that in this struggle I should speedily triumph. I made sure that my mother loved me too well to hold out long against my wishes; but I thought I would wait before speaking to her, until I was sure of Lena's heart.

That time was not long in coming. Some magnetic attraction drew us together from the very first; and when I asked her, one day, if she loved me, she raised her appealing eyes to my face almost reproachfully, and said:

"Don't you know I do, Arthur?"

I asked her of her parents, and they promised her to me, gladly. And in that moment something like a first presentiment of trouble crossed my mind. What if my mother should *not* consent?

"You must understand," I said, "that I have not spoken on this matter to my mother. I hope she will approve; but whether she does or not, remember you have promised to give me Lena. I am twenty-six years old. Besides my practice I have a comfortable fortune, inherited from my father, and I am quite able to please myself."

They made some weak remonstrances against thrusting their daughter upon a family where she was not wanted, but I overruled them.

"Lena is mine," I said, resolutely, as I went away; and my heart grew strong, feeling that I had her happiness to care for as well as my own.

I went to my mother, and told her my love story. She listened in ominous silence. When I ceased speaking she said:

"I understand that you ask my permission to present to me as your betrothed, and afterwards to make your wife, the daughter of John Grey, a tradesman?"

"Yes," I answered, in tones as resolute as her own. "I ask just that." And then, my voice softening, in spite of myself, I cried: "Only see her *once*, and you will understand. You will know she is as truly a lady as any Gerrard or de Brie of all my ancestors; and you love me, your own boy, too well to wish to break my heart."

She rose, and stood there in the clear light—so tall, so proud, so beautiful—that it seemed as if nothing on earth could resist her. Her voice, when she spoke, was resolute and strong. There was not one trace in tone or manner of indecision—not one ray of hope for me.

"It is because you are my own boy, and because, with all my heart and soul, I love you, that I say No, no, no! ten thousand times, no! If you choose to lift this girl out of the mud and make her your wife you

are legally free to do so. Your fortune is your own. You can rush headlong on your fate, if you please; but if you marry this low-born girl, so long as God spares my life on earth I will never willingly look upon her face. If you care to see me you must come without her, and you will spare me all mention of her name."

"Good-bye, mother," I said, and I went away, leaving her standing there in the sunlight, with her great eyes flashing and her cheeks and lips glowing.

Well, I married Lena. She understood perfectly the condition of things, but she was too childlike and trusting to be made unhappy by it. She believed me entirely when I told her that she could suffice for me—that, having *her*, I should want nothing else. I even believed myself for a time; but after the first surprise of marriage was over, and when I had brought my wife back from her marriage journey and settled down at home in the house I had taken, I began to feel an intolerable yearning for the mother whose love, until I knew Lena, had been the one great joy and rest of my life. Would I have been unmarried again if I could? No, I think not. I loved Lena. She was as near to me as my own soul. If only we two, made one, could have had my mother's blessing!

I wrote letters in which I prayed for this—they were never answered. I went one day to the house—my mother's house—and sent up my card like a stranger. The old man-servant brought me back a pencilled message:

"I will receive my son with pleasure, on the understanding that the person of whom he formerly spoke to me is not to be mentioned."

To see her on those conditions seemed a sort of treachery to Lena, and I went sadly home again.

Sometimes, in my professional drives, I met my mother driving her fast-trotting ponies in her little phaeton where I had so often sat beside her; and we exchanged civil bows—she and I, who was flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone.

When Lena and I had been married a year our little girl was born, and from the first it seemed as if she should have been my mother's child, not ours. She resembled neither of us, for I was like my father, a fair-haired Saxon, and this child, born of our love and our sorrow, was the very image of my mother, in miniature. There was something almost uncanny in her great dark eyes, so much too large for her baby face. Her little fringe of hair was jet black, and her cheeks and lips were as bright as my mother's own.

We named the little one *Virginie*—by my mother's name; and, as time went on, it grew to seem to me a certainty that her grandmother, however she might scorn my wife, could not withhold her heart from this little one, who was so utterly hers, by all the signs of nature.

She was a wonderfully strong and forward little creature. When she was ten months old she could say various words; and every day I showed her a large picture of my mother, and taught her to say "Grandma!" when she saw it. By the time she was fourteen months she could walk, holding by my hand; and one day I took her to see my mother, leaving my wife at home. It was a brilliant May day. The roses were beginning to bloom in sheltered nooks where the sun shone warmly; and the fruit trees were in flower. Some birds chattered as we crossed the lawn on our way to the well-known, dear old house, and *Virginie* pulled my hand to make me stop and look at them; and just then my mother came round a clump of trees, and



stood suddenly confronting us. Virginia glanced at her, saw the face of the picture, and put out her little hands.

"Grandma!" she cried; "grandma!"

Oddly enough, this word, which in some blind way I had relied upon to move my mother's heart, seemed to repel and offend her. She evidently considered the whole scene as a carefully planned *coup de théâtre*, and scorned it accordingly. Her face was cold; her eyes were hard; her voice cut the air like steel.

"You make a mistake," she said, "in bringing here that person's child. I do not care to see her."

And with those words she turned her back on us, and walked off deliberately.

Virginia, unused to repulse, put up her piteous, quivering lips for my healing kiss, and I hurried her away.

That ended all hope or effort on my part to be reconciled to my mother. Ought I to have striven further? Sometimes I think so now; but I did not think so then. I used to see her at a distance, from time to time, as the summer went on, and she seemed to me to be changing strangely. Her bright color was gone; her face was growing thin. Some indefinable shadow of growing old age appeared to be settling down upon her.

On the morning of the 30th of October I heard a strenuous summons at my office door, and opened it. My mother, I was told, had been found dead in her bed. They had sent for the nearest doctor, and he had pronounced it heart disease.

"Yes," I said to myself, "it was disease of the heart, in more ways than one."

I hurried to the old home. I walked up the path on which she had met the child and me and looked at us with scorn and repulsion. Had she ever been sorry, since? I wondered. Was she wrong in not forgiving me, or was I wholly to blame because I had disobeyed her in the first place? I kept asking myself these questions in a dazed way; but I did not try to answer them. My brain seemed reeling. I felt like one hopefully clutching some crazy plank amid the surge and toss of whelming seas.

I stood by the bed on which they had laid her. Was there something unutterably strange and sad on her face, at war with the accustomed peace of death? I thought so. I knelt beside her. I do not know whether my lips uttered any cry; but I know that with all the passion of my soul I prayed her to forgive me, if the wrong had been mine—to grant me some token that she loved me still; but the cold, beautiful face did not soften. The relentless lips held their secret.

The second day of November I followed her to the grave. I did not take my wife with me. She who had been undesired and unwelcomed in my mother's life had no place at her tomb. I think, had I taken her there, I should have expected the scornful lips to break their frozen death-silence and denounce me. I was, myself, half mad with grief and remorse, and I abandoned myself to fears and instincts, but had no power to reason.

Two weeks went on. I found myself unable to fulfill my usual duties. Few of my patients were seriously ill, and I made my recent bereavement an excuse for confiding them to the care of another physician. You see, I do not conceal from you the disordered state of my own mind; but I have other testimony than my own of the truth and reality of the story, to which all that I have already told you is but the preface.

On the night of the 15th of November I went to bed earlier than usual, utterly exhausted by my vigils since my mother's death, and I presently fell into a

deep sleep; but before I dozed off I remember listening to the wild wails of the wind. As I said, it was a night like to-night. The unquiet wind assailed the windows, and now and then uttered a low, keen cry. It made me think of a spirit in pain, and I shuddered at it. The sleep that presently overcame me was merciful.

It must have been some time past midnight when I awoke suddenly, so wide awake that I found myself sitting up in bed and listening intently to an approaching sound. It was the rumbling of my mother's phaeton that I heard—I never could have mistaken those wheels for any others—and the quick trot of her high-stepping ponies along the hard road. The carriage stopped at my gate. I did not awaken my wife, who was sleeping beside me; but I remember thinking, with a sort of dull satisfaction, how securely I had barred the front door. But, in spite of bars, it seemed to me that I heard it open. And I know that I heard my mother's footstep come up the stairs and along the hall, and enter my very chamber. I sank back upon the pillow, and shut my eyes and feigned to be asleep; and presently—doubt it as you will, I heard upon my pillow the same scratching of her slender fingers with which she used to wake me when a boy.

I opened my eyes and saw—for a night lamp was burning, as usual—the unutterable sadness of her look. Then she moved away, and walked to the crib, where, at a little distance, my child was sleeping; and, I give you my word, that as she stood there, as if under some strange compulsion, Virginia opened her eyes, fixed them for a moment or two on my mother's face, said, "Grandma!" and then threw up her little hands over her head and seemed to go to sleep again. My mother stood there looking at her for some moments; then she slowly moved away, and passed out of the room, and I remember that at that very moment the clock struck one. In a moment more I heard the rumble of her phaeton and the trotting feet of her ponies, and then I put on my dressing-gown, and lit a candle at the night-lamp and went down-stairs.

The door was bolted and barred just as I had left it, and there was no trace anywhere of the mysterious presence that had passed. I lay awake and pondered over what had happened. Surely she had heard my prayers for her forgiveness, and she had come to show me that she had accorded it to me. And I thought she had stood so long beside the child that I might know her old stern resolution not to see her was over now. I tried to feel satisfied and relieved, but I was haunted by the sadness of her look. There must be something she wanted to convey beside her forgiveness. What could it be?"

Do you wonder that I remember well that 15th of November—the first time I ever knew, believed, even dreamed, that the dead could come again? Before that I was as scornfully skeptical as you are now. As I lay there and thought, the teasing wind blew the branch of leafless tree against the pane with a sort of scratching sound not unlike the one with which my mother had awakened me. It made me shiver. I drew the bed-clothes over my head, and finally I went to sleep.

In the morning I kept silence about what had passed, and the next night I bolted and barred the doors as usual. I did not, certainly, anticipate another visit from my mother, for I thought she had come to make known her forgiveness, and that being done, would stay quietly in the grave where we had laid her. Still the hour between midnight and one o'clock found me very wide awake, indeed. I was certainly in no less clear



possession of my faculties than I am at this moment when I heard again the rumble of that phaeton, the feet of those ponies. This time my mother had no need to waken me.

My eyes met hers as she entered the room. I had left the night-lamp a little higher than before. I saw that she was dressed as she was when we laid her in her coffin, in a rich, soft-falling gown of heavy black satin. I could see on her finger her wedding-ring, the only one we had buried with her.

This time she did not come to my bedside, but she went and bent over the child's; and again, as by some strange compulsion, the little one opened her eyes, and murmured, rather sleepily, "Grandma, come again!" and in a moment was once more asleep. But no smile came to the sad eyes that were watching her. The shadow of an immortal pain seemed on the face which death had given back. I longed to speak to her, but I could not. My throat was parched. My tongue would not move. I hardly breathed.

Suddenly the clock struck one, and on the stroke of it she vanished.

The next morning I told my wife. She was strongly impressed by my story, which she never thought of arguing away or of questioning. She begged me if our visitor ever came again to awaken her, which finally, with some reluctance, I promised to do.

The third night arrived, and I was mercifully able to go to sleep. I did not hear the rumble of the phaeton at the gate or the feet of the ponies. I heard nothing, indeed, until the sound of the delicate fingers I knew so well scratching on my pillow as of old awakened me. I opened my eyes, and the sad eyes of the dead met them; and then, as before, my mother moved away and stood over the bed of my little Virginie.

"Lena!" I whispered to my wife.

She slipped her hand into mine.

"I hear," she answered, in a low whisper. "I am watching her. I think she wants something."

Low as her whisper was, evidently my mother heard it, for a look of unmistakable relief and hope crossed

her face. My wife was observing her closely, and her woman's instinct supplied the interpretation of this look as my duller wits never could have done.

"I think," Lena said slowly, "that she wants us to forgive her."

These words seemed to me a sort of sacrilege. I would have thrown myself at my mother's feet and prayed anew for her forgiveness, but some power outside myself restrained me. And surely a look of relief, as of one who is understood at last after long endeavor, dawned upon her face, and yet she seemed not quite satisfied. Then Lena spoke, and her voice sounded to me like that of an angel whom love had made strong, and she said, with gentle clearness of tone:

"Yes, mother, we forgive you with all our hearts."

And as if constrained and almost against my will, I, too, said after her, as one says "amen" after a prayer, "With all our hearts."

And just at that moment Virginie opened her eyes and cried, "Grandma, come again!" and though my eyes were dim with a rush of sudden tears, it seemed to me that I saw my mother bend toward her, and the child's arms reach up for an instant to her neck.

And then my mother lifted her face, her happy face, and there was a light in her great eyes such as made me think of the days of her youth, when she used to welcome my father home. Her lips moved. I thought they formed the words, "Good-bye, children!"

And at that moment the clock struck one, and she was gone. Then I heard for the last time the rumble of her departing wheels, and Lena heard it also, and cried softly and silently as she lay there with her head on my bosom.

One day, a week afterward, Virginie said:

"Grandma never comes any more," and we knew that the child remembered.

No, I never saw any other ghost—why should I? I do not think they are visitors of every day; but I know—whether it be possible for the dead to return or not—that twenty-two years ago this night I saw my mother, who had been two weeks buried, stand at my bedside.

## "TO MARGUERITE—BEYOND THE GATES."

FRIEND of my youth and of my soul a part;  
Hast thou no power to whisper to the heart  
That waits through Time's vast silences and night  
To hear thy voice and see thy form in light?

In ambient ether float, far off and faint,  
The rippling echoes of thy voice, O saint  
Beloved, and crowned with all my wealth of love,  
I listen, groping—thou so far above.

Canst thou not hear? Dost thou not know my pain?  
In dreams I see thee, hear thee, and again,  
O sweetest dream! my lonely lips are kissed,  
I look into thine eyes of amethyst.

New powers, new senses wake, the orbéd sphere  
Rolls back—I float with vision rapt and clear,  
O radiant spirit, lead me forth to life,  
Let me not wake to grief and pain and strife.

My finger-tips steal sunshine from thy hair  
That glows through all my being, and the air  
Is full of gold and azure, spun from light  
And mist, and night and noon alike are bright.

The glad earth thrills and pulses 'neath our feet;  
Nature's grand harmonies roll full and sweet;  
Warm color throbs in veined leaf and flower,  
And perfume floats from every shady bower.

O life, O love, O life in love! and thou  
Soul of my soul and thought of thought, ah, how  
Divinest words flash forth, like spark from steel,  
Thy genius kindling mine once more I feel.

ARIEL.

## SOME CURIOUS CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

It is not my intention to enter upon the mechanical details of watch and clock-making, for, although the combinations of marvelous mechanisms used to measure time in different ages would be a subject of interest, it would lengthen a magazine article beyond all editorial patience. But there have been a great many wonderful and interesting time-pieces in the world, since the "clepsydra" of the ancients to the modern Geneva toys, and I thought an account of the most wonderful might be interesting to the readers of THE CONTINENT.

The Persians, Egyptians and Mexicans considered the day as begun at sunrise; the Romans reckoned it from sunrise to sunset, divided into twelve hours, of course longer or shorter, as the seasons came round. The instrument by which this time was measured was called generally horologium, whether it was a sun-dial, clepsydra, sand-glass or clock. The etymology of the latter word is variously given. Thus we have it in Chinese, *glog*; in Belgic and Danish, *kloke*; Irish, *clog*; Welsh, *cloc*; Saxon, *clugga*, *cluega*; German, *klocke*; Armoric, *clach*, or *clech*; Latin, *glocio*; and French, *cloche*. Originally the word only meant a bell, as it does yet, in French, and the meaning was retained up to the fourteenth century. We read in the twentieth chapter of Kings, eleventh verse, of the use of the sun-dial; hence it is natural to suppose that this was the first attempt at a clock. Clepsydres, or water-clocks, were in use long before the Christian era, but the inventor's name, as well as the date of his birth, has been lost. In these instruments the water dropped through a small hole in the vessel which held it into a receiver, in which was some light body floating, which marked the height of the water as it rose, and in this way the time that had elapsed.

In time the water-clocks became more complicated, and mechanical contrivances were added to them. The King of Prussia sent to the Emperor Charlemagne a time-piece (a water-clock), which made the first advance toward a striking clock. Gifford, in his "History of France," describes it thus: "The dial was composed of twelve small doors, which represented the division of the hours; each door opened at the hour it was intended to represent, and out of it came the same number of little balls, which fell one by one, at equal distances of time, on a brass drum. It might be told by the eye what hour it was by the number of doors that were open, and by the ear by the number of balls that fell. When it was twelve o'clock, twelve horsemen in miniature issued forth at the same time, and, marching round the dial, shut all the doors."

Alfred the Great, it is said, measured time by candles. Boethius made the first wheel clock in the year 510, although others claim the same honor for Pacificus, in the middle of the ninth century, and again others for Gerbert, afterwards Pope, under the title of Sylvester II., about the beginning of the eleventh. The automaton figures which struck the hours in the old clock of St. Paul's (London) were called "Paul's Jacks" (Jack being a contemptuous name for a servant). Shakespeare, in "Richard II., makes the King say:

"While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock."

And again, in "Richard III.":

Buckingham—Why let it strike?

King R.—Because that, like a Jack, thou keepst the stroke  
Betwixt the begging and my meditation.

The new clock of St. Paul's is remarkable for the magnitude of its wheels and the fineness of its works. Its dials are each between fifty and sixty feet in circumference.

When the substitution of the main-spring for a weight rendered portable clocks possible is very uncertain—different dates are given. The Society of Antiquarians of England possessed one of the oldest, made in the year 1525.

Exeter Cathedral contains a very curious clock. A globe in the center represents the earth, and the sun is represented by a *fleur-de-lis*, which points out the hours as it revolves around the earth, and a ball, painted black and white, represents the moon's phases by turning on its axis. Glastonbury Abbey was at one time possessed of a very fine clock, which was transferred to Well's Cathedral at the time of the dissolution of the monastery by Henry VIII., where it still remains. It was made by the monk Peter Lightfoot about 1535-40, and is thus described by Wood: "The face of the dial is six feet six inches in diameter, and contained in a square frame, the spandrils of which are filled with angels holding in their hands the head of a man. The outer circle is painted blue, with gilt stars scattered over it, and is divided into twenty-four parts, in two divisions of twelve hours each. The horary numbers are painted in old English characters on circular tablets. The hour index, a large gilt star, is attached to the machinery behind a second circle, which conceals all except the index. On this second circle are marked the numbers, indicated by a smaller star. A third and lesser circle contains the numbers of the day of the month, which is marked by a point attached to a small circular opening in the plate, through which the phases of the moon are shown. Around this aperture is an inscription not very intelligible. On the opposite side of the dial-plate is a circle, in which is a female figure with the motto: "Sempre peregrat Phœbe." An arched pediment surmounts the whole, with an oct-angular projection from its base-line forming a cornice to the face of the clock."

Little more than a decade ago the eyes of the whole world were, it might be said, fixed upon Strasburg; and as the hostile balls and shells flew to and fro, the safety of the cathedral and its tower was a matter of universal interest. The superb building was comparatively little damaged, and the clock, which has told its story of time and its changes since 1571, still repeats the old refrain.

The present clock was built in 1571, on the model of one begun in 1352, the only remaining part of which is, it is said, a cock upon the left perpendicular ornament of the machine. The original clock was built by an artisan who became blind before he finished his task; but he was unwilling to allow any one to share his work and completed it in spite of his infirmity.

"As a part of the mechanism of this clock," says an old description, "the first thing to be considered, is a great globe of the heavens, in which there are three motions, one of the great globe which displays the whole heavens, and moves about from east to west in twenty-four hours; the second, of the sun, which runs through the signs there described, once every year; third, of the moon which runs her course in twenty-eight days."

"The instruments of these motions are hid in the body



of a pelican which is portrayed under the globe. The pole is lifted up to the elevation of Strasburg and noted by a fair star made of brass. The zenith is declared by an angel placed in the midst of the meridian. The second thing to be observed are two great circles, one within another, on the wall, the one eight, the other nine feet broad; the outmost moves from the north to the south once a year, and hath two angels, one on the north side which points every day in the week, the other on the south side, which points what day shall be one half-year after. The inner circle moves from south to north once in a hundred years, and hath many things described about it: as the year of the world, the year of our Lord, the circle of the sun, the procession of equinoxials, with the change of the celestial points, which things fall out by the motions which are called trepidations; the leap-year, the movable feasts, and the dominical letter, or golden number, as it turns every year. There is an immovable index which encloses for every year all these things within it, the lower part of which index is joined to another round circle which is immovable, wherein the province of Alsatia is fairly described, and the city of Strasburg. On both sides of the circles on the wall are the eclipses of the sun and moon, which are to come for many years.

"The third thing, a little above this, is a weekly motion of the planets as they name the day; as on Sunday, the sun is drawn about in his chariot, according as the day is spent, and so drawn into another place, that before he is full in you have Monday; that is, the moon clear forth and the horses of Mar's chariot putting forth their heads; and so it is for every day in the week. On this side there is nothing but dumb pictures to garnish the wall.

"The fourth thing is a dial for the minutes of the hour, so you see every minute pass. Two beautiful pictures of two children, one joined to either side of this; he on the north side hath a scepter in his hand, and when the clock strikes he orderly tells every stroke; he on the south side hath an hour-glass in his hand, which runs just with the clock, and when the clock hath struck he turns his glass. The first thing above the minute dial is a dial for the hour, containing the half parts also; the outermost circumference contains the hours; but within, it is a curious and perfect astrolabe whereby is shewn the motion of every planet, his aspect, and in what sign, what degree, and in what hour every one is in, every hour of the day; the opposition likewise of the sun and moon and the head and tail of the dragon.

"The sixth thing is a circle, wherein are two signs of the moon's rising and falling; at two hollow places it is seen at what state she is; and her age is declared by an index, which is wholly turned about once in every month.

"The seventh thing consists of four little bells whereon the quarters of the hours are struck; at the first quarter comes forth a little boy and strikes the first bell with an apple and so goes and stays at the fourth bell till the next quarter; then comes a lusty youth, and he, with a dart, strikes two bells and succeeds into the place of the child; at the third comes forth a man-at-arms with a halbert in his hand and strikes three bells; he succeeds into the place of the youth; at the fourth quarter comes an old man with a staff, having a crook at the end, and he, with much ado, being old, strikes the four bells and stands at the fourth quarter, until the next quarter; immediately to strike the clock comes Death, in a room above the others—for this is the eighth thing—and this, understand, that at each

quarter he comes forth to catch each of those former ages away with him; but at the contrary side, in the same room where he is, comes forth Christ and drives him in; but when the last quarter is heard, Christ gives him leave to go to the bell, which is in the midst, and so he strikes with his bone, according to the hour; and he stands at the bell, as the old man does at his quarter-bell, till the next quarter, and then they both go in together.

"The ninth and last thing in this right line is the tower at the top of the work, wherein is a chime playing at three, seven and eleven o'clock, each time a different tune; and at Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide, a thanksgiving; when this chime is done, the cock (which stands on the top of the tower and the north side of the main work) having stretched out his neck, shook his comb and clapped his wings twice, crows twice, and this he doth so shrill and naturally as would make any man wonder; and if they choose who attend the clock, they can make him crow oftener. In this tower are conveyed all the instruments of these motions which are in the aforesaid things."

Nuremburg was early famous for its clocks and clock-makers. At a meeting of the Archeological Institute, held December 3d, 1852, in London, Mr. Morgan showed one made there in 1525. In the South Kensington Museum is a clock made by George Rollet and John Reinhold of Augsburg, in 1584, and it is said to have been made for the Emperor Rudolph II. It is in the shape of a globe, of gilt metal, inscribed with the signs of the zodiac and other astronomical figures. On an orb below the globe the two-headed eagle crowned is engraved. The whole is sixteen inches high and the globe is seven and a half inches in diameter. There are several Augsburg clocks also in the Museum, one in gilt bronze, with a dome-shaped cover, engraved and enriched with ornaments. The sides are engraved with the story of the Good Samaritan. It is five inches high and wide, and four inches and a quarter in diameter. Another in metal gilt, with a square, pavilion-shaped case, domed top and cover, surmounted by a statuette of Hercules and the Lion. The case is richly ornamented in Arabesque, and it has a dial on both sides. It is of the sixteenth century.

The time-piece called the clock of Pope Sixtus V. is very curious, having been made entirely by manual labor. It was made before pendulums were invented. "The design consists of a bower, divided into three stories, with doors of gilt copper, tastefully chased and ornamented, and supported by twelve columns of the same metal."

In front of the lower story within a square chamber is a large dial-plate, which moves round its whole circuit only once a year; it shows also the date of the month, and all the Catholic feasts and holy-days throughout the year. In the center is a small plate, very curiously chased, representing the twelve signs of the zodiac, with the sun and moon pursuing their course, so that at one glance can be ascertained in what sign of the zodiac they are at the time. Within this circle is a small globe pointing out the proper phases and aspects of the moon; and within all this, are the fixed stars setting, viz: The Serpent, Orion, the Great Bear, Cassiopea, and others. The four corners of this chamber are emblematically engraved with the names of those nations who have conquered kingdoms at an early period.

In front of the second story are the minutes and minute-hand, and on each side are two silver figures, one hand of these figures pointing to the minutes, the other

hand being set in motion by mechanism; during the striking of the clock the one figure turns the hour-glass—as an emblem of time—and the other wields the sickle of death. Above each of the figures is a Latin verse; and in the middle of the plate is a simple yet correctly mathematical representation of how the globular form of the earth is perceptible to the eye. Above the minute-hand describes a circuit of twenty-four hours, each half of the dial-plate containing twelve hours; the day hours being marked with the image of the sun, and the hours of the night with the image of the moon. On the four corners of the dial-plate are engraved the four seasons of the year.

The third story also consists of four divisions, which project in the manner of a balcony. Round the center of the lower division move seven silver figures of heathen gods, in chariots, representing the seven days of the week; every deity makes its appearance once in seven days exactly in front, where it remains for twenty-four hours, when it is relieved by the next. In the center of the second division is an image of the Virgin, holding her Son in her arms; two angels are seen placing crowns and garlands on her head; and during the performance of the bells several angels appear, making their obeisance before the image of the Mother and Child. Within the center of the third division is a metal bell, hanging on a gilt plate of copper, on which is represented the Judgment Day. Round this metal plate move four silver figures, set in motion by mechanism, representing the four states of social life. These images point out the quarters of the hour, by striking the bell; the first quarter is represented by a youth, the second by a grave citizen, and the third by a Roman soldier, and the fourth by a priest. In the fourth division is likewise a metal bell, on the sides of which are chambers; on the left side is the representation of Death, proclaiming the hours of day and night by striking the bell; above it is seen the Latin inscription from Romans, c. vii., v. 23. At the right side is the image of the Saviour, stepping forward with the globe in his hand, and above it the cross. This figure proceeds every two minutes, in a slow manner, and then for a moment hides itself from view; above it is a Latin verse from Hosea, c. xiii. These two figures are of solid silver. Behind the bell is inscribed the name of the artist and the date, 1589.

The whole is covered with copper, beautifully worked in filagree; on the extreme top is stationed a silver cock, which, after the chiming of the bells, spreads its wings, opens its beak and crows; after which it resumes its former position. On the side doors are painted gilt figures of the Virtues, with flowers, obelisks, and other ornaments; and within are figures of the Fates. These beautiful figures are stated to have been engraved by the pupils of the maker. The clock stands about four feet high, independent of the pedestal. It is said to have been made by Habrecht, for Pope Sixtus V., and in many respects resembles the famous Strasburg clock, of which it is evidently a model, since it performs all the feats of that clock.

In an aisle, near the choir of the Cathedral of St. John, at Lyons, is a very curious clock, on the top of which stands a cock that claps his wings and crows thrice every three hours. Underneath the Virgin Mother came out of a door on one side upon a gallery; on the other, out of a similar door, appears the angel Gabriel, who meets and salutes her. Then a door in the alcove above opens, and a dove descends upon her head. As soon as these figures retire, another door

opens, and a venerable priest appears, and gives his benediction, with uplifted hand. The week days are represented by several figures, each one taking its place in a niche on the morning of the appropriate day, and remains till midnight. The most curious thing in connection with this clock is an oval dial, marked with the minutes of an hour, which are pointed out by a hand which contracts and dilates, thus reaching every point of the circumference. The clock was built in 1598, but the dial is of later date.

The smallest clock known is in the possession of Mr. Morgan in England, and stands one inch and three-quarters without the dome which surmounts the square tower, in which shape the clock is. It goes twelve hours, strikes the hours, and has an alarm. Mr. Morgan considers it a German work, and of about the year 1600.

The clock on the Piazza di San Marco at Venice is celebrated next to that of Strasburg. Two immense bronze figures strike the hours upon the big bell with heavy hammers. At the hours of twelve and six the three kings, following a star, enter by one door upon a balcony, where sit the Mother and Son enthroned, pass with reverent obeisance, and exit through another door opposite. When the figures bow before the throne, they lift diadem or turban, as the case may be, from their heads.

The oldest clock in America is at present in the Philadelphia Library, being nearly two hundred years old, and it is said it was once the property of Oliver Cromwell.

Burdeau, a French mathematician, constructed a clock in 1696 for Louis XIV. "Le Grand Monarque" was represented seated on a throne, and around him stood the German electors and princes and dukes of Italy. These, on the quarter hours, did homage to the king, and, in moving away, struck the quarter with their canes. The hours were struck by the kings of Europe, and knowing the unyielding enmity of William III. toward Louis, and desirous of flattering his sovereign, he made the figure of the English king very pliant indeed, so that its obeisance was lower than any others. The mechanism was so highly praised that the proud Burdeau was, unfortunately, prevailed upon to give a public exhibition of his work. But just as William was making his bow some part of the mechanism gave way and threw Louis from his chair prostrate at the feet of the British king. A *lettre de cachet* and the Bastille was the result to the poor Burdeau.

During the eighteenth century musical clocks were much in fashion, in which the musical mechanism was much like a music-box with bells. When the Royal Exchange of London was burning, the musical clock, not being touched by the flames at first, played very appropriately, "There is nae luck about the house."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1766 has a description of two clocks presented to the Emperor of China by the East India Company. They were shaped like chariots, and in each chariot was the figure of a lady seated with her right hand resting on the edge of the vehicle, and underneath which was a striking eight-day clock about the size of a shilling. On the lady's finger a bird was perched, set with diamonds and rubies; its wings were extended and fluttered on touching a diamond button below. The body of the bird, which contained the mechanism of the movement was not larger than the sixteenth of an inch. In her left hand the lady held a tube of gold, not thicker than a pin, on the top of which was a small round box, to which a circular ornament, set with diamonds not larger than a sixpence,



was fixed. Over the lady's head, supported by a fluted pillar no bigger than a quill, was a double umbrella, under the larger of which was a bell, connected in a hidden way with the clock, by the works of which a hammer was made to strike the bell, telling the hour regularly. The striking of the bell could be repeated at pleasure by touching a diamond button underneath the clock. A dog lay at the feet of the lady, and in front of her, on spiral springs, were two birds, their wings and feathers set with colored stones. The chariot could be moved, a boy standing behind it and apparently pushing it forward. The whole of the elegant toy was of gold, embellished with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and other precious stones.

In the clock gate of Berne the tower which contains the clock is called *Zutglochenthurne*; as soon as this clock strikes the hour a company of bears, dressed in the military dress of the olden time, some bearing a halbert, and others a matchlock, and several of them acting as trumpeters and kettle-drummers, walk out of a little tower attached to the dial-square and nod their heads to the people. Above them sits an old pantaloon with spectacles on nose, and not far from him is a clown, who is seated, cross-legged, and strikes the hours on two bells, one on his right and the other on his left, shaking his head the while very funnily. On the top of the bell-tower, under a kind of belfry, stands a large figure in armor to strike the hour on a large bell, and immediately over the arch of the gate a cock of gay plumage claps his wings and crows as naturally as the real bird. This is done by the mechanism acting on organ-stops.

The "Man in the Custom House," at Coblenz, is famous, being a large head in a brazen helmet, and having a long beard. Whenever the clock strikes, this giant's head tells of the strokes by opening its great jaws, and striking its teeth together.

The word "watch" is derived from a Saxon word, *waecan*, to make, and the Danish *vagt*. The name was applied to pocket clocks, because by means of them the progress of time could be watched. Watches were first called Nuremberg eggs, from their oval shape, and their being first made in that city, although Blois, in France disputes this honor.

The hapless Queen of Scots possessed several watches, remarkable either for their form or ornamentation. One, which she gave to her maid of honor, Mary Seton, on the day before her execution, is now in the Lander family, and is skull-shaped, of silver gilt. On the front is a figure of Death, standing between a palace and a cot, with a foot at the door of each; around this is a quotation from Horace: "*Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres.*" On the back part of the skull is the figure of Time, holding a scythe, devouring all things; near him is a serpent, with its tail in its mouth, as an emblem of Eternity. This is surrounded by another motto from Horace: "*Tempus idax rerum tuque in vidiosa vetustas.*" The upper part of the skull is divided into two compartments, on one of which are represented our first parents in the Garden of Eden, attended by some animals, with the motto: "*Peccando perditionem miseriam aeternam*

*posteris manere.*" In the other was the Crucifixion of Christ, with the two thieves, and the Marys at the foot of the cross. Under this is the legend: "*Sic justitiae satis fecit mortem superavit, salutem comparavit.*" Beneath this, a space filled in with open-work, allows the striking of the watch to be heard; this pierced work consists of emblems of the Passion of Christ, and underneath is the motto: "*Scala caeli ad gloriam via.*" To open it, the watch must be reversed, and the under jaw, which is hinged, lifted. Inside, on the plate or lid, is a representation of the Nativity, with the angels hovering over the manger, while above an angel holds a scroll with the words: "*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bona volu.*" At a distance are the shepherds "keeping watch over their flock." The works of the watch, in a silver bell, fill up the hollow of the skull, as brains would. The dial-plate of silver is in the roof of the mouth. The hours are in Roman letters, and within their circle is Saturn devouring his children, as, according to the legends of mythology, it was the custom of that grand old man to do. The legend here is: "*Sicut meus sic et omnibus idem.*" A hammer, set in motion by a separate escapement, strikes the hours upon the bell. The watch requires to be wound up every six hours, in order to keep it accurate.

Another skull watch was given by Francis to his young queen, in 1560. It bears the inscription: "*Ex dono Fr. R. Fr. ad. Mariam Reg. Scotowm et Fr.*"

The King of France was presented with a watch, in 1764, which did not require winding up, but might be set in motion for twenty-four hours by a push—as the striking springs of common watches are wound up.

A watch belonging to the great Napoleon wound itself up by means of a weighted lever.

It may be *à propos* to finish this article by a mention of the pretty trifles called watch-papers. They are called "papers," but at first were as often of silk or velvet, or muslin covered with embroidery, as of the article from which they are named. They were used in the outer cases of large old-fashioned watches, before the introduction of the present compact form.

The papers were often cut into arabesque or other figures, and sometimes having only a border so cut, while the center afforded space for a couplet containing some moral.

One old paper had these lines:

Content thyself with thine estat,  
And send no poore wight from thy gate;  
For why, this counsell I thee give,  
To learne to dye and dye to live."

Another had the following:

"Onward perpetually moving,  
These faithful hands are ever proving  
How quick the hours fly by;  
This monitory pulse-like beating  
Is often times, methinks, repeating:  
'Swift! swift!' the moments fly.  
Reader be ready, for perhaps before  
These hands have made one revolution more  
Life's springs are snapped—you die!"

MARY M. MELONE.





## THE STORY OF A HOPELESS PATRIOT.

### CHAPTER XXIV.—IN THE GULF STREAM.

CANAVERAL light stood twelve miles off the star-board beam. The *Calypso* was steaming steadily southward against a quartering sea.

It was the period between sunset and dark, which, in the northern latitudes, is called twilight, but in the neighborhood of the tropics has no name, because of its briefness.

Under a bright-colored awning, at the bow of the trim little steamer, sat a man and wife.

The Gulf Stream, that mysterious "river in the ocean," had been in sight all day, to the eastward, carrying on its rippling borders sprigs of grass from the Caribbean Sea, and, at frequent intervals, bearing northward a tiny nautilus, with its bulging sail of rainbow hues.

The gray sand dunes of the Florida coast had long since sunk into the night, but above the shadowy waste, as a caution, and yet a greeting, was the resplendent beacon—a glowing, sun-like star, though fed by the hand of man.

What sociability there is in a light; what confidences it invokes!

We, as readers and writer, have contemplated the green apples of love; have seen them fall in the first storm. Now let us study, if we dare, the ripe fruit; that which has survived, and will run its earthly course in safety.

The man and wife had been talking and thinking, as they sat together on a sofa that had been brought on deck from the cabin.

"The secret of happiness certainly is contentment," said she.

"And are you contented?" he asked.

"My happiness is complete," she affirmed. "The wifely state is so different from what my imagination had painted it. The faith in mankind with which it inspires me evokes my own admiration. Dear Jack, I'm so indescribably happy," and she cast herself upon his bosom, and wound her soft, sinuous arms about the great fellow's neck.

Burnaby did not make the slightest effort to disengage himself. The delight he experienced was a revelation to him. The twain were silent a moment; then she said, looking into his eyes as tenderly as though the deepening shadows had not almost hidden them:

"We have been married a week."

"True, Mootla. It does not seem so long."

"But is the fifty-secondth part of one year," she said, slowly, even meditatively.

"Right again, my girl."

"We have solved the sweet mystery of marriage, and must, sooner or later, reach the practical problem of dwelling together 'as long as we both shall live.'" She repeated the words exactly in the tone of the minister who had married them, and with a deep, sepulchral effect that would have been ludicrous had it not been so apt a bit of mimicry. "'As long as we both shall live.'" Then she added, cheerily: "How 's it to be accomplished?"

"Really, I hadn't thought of any difficulties in the way."

"Nor had I, until this moment," she continued. "But, as I sat here gazing at that beacon-light, I recognized its value—the wisdom and forethought that caused it to be put there. I wondered why the matrimonial sea has no coast-lights, when the majority of people who adventure on it are wrecked. Can't we avoid the shoal water, my dear husband? Instead of drifting, cannot we steam along on a safe course, like that laid for the gallant boat beneath us? Let our compass be a mutual understanding—"

"A treaty?"

"Yes, if you don't get your metaphors mixed. One that will carry us through life. A sort of Monroe doctrine, perhaps, not to dignify it with the name of treaty."

"Exactly! What a great idea."

"But practical?" she interrogated.

"Thoroughly so," he admitted.

"There must be a philosophy of marriage," she resumed. "If there be such a science as political economy—"

"Which I doubt."

"So do I. But, I say, if there be such a science, the first chapter of every treatise on the subject ought to begin with a marriage ceremony."

"It would certainly be an innovation," he answered, incredulously.

"Marriage is the foundation of our alleged civilization," she continued. "Jack, we couldn't be here without it?"

That specious query—a woman's argument, which is most effective when it is no argument at all—completely captured Burnaby. And yet it was merely a sophism, put by a bright woman. The key to it is that their happiness might have been just as great somewhere else.

"You would, if possible, formulate a policy for the married?" he asked.

"No, dear Jack, I have no ambition beyond our future. I would wish to ensure for ourselves contented lives?"

"Very good, my dear girl. We have started right. We have been happy."

"Yes, supremely so. Too happy. That's the danger I descry."

"You fear it will not endure?"

"Don't mistake me, dear John,"—she always called him John when she was in a serious mood. "I am more distrustful of myself than of you. I seek to prolong the perfect contentment, the mutual pride, the abiding confidence we now enjoy."

"You seek—"

"Peace!"

"O, you sublime creature." And Burnaby folded her in his arms, and kissed her rapturously a dozen times.

He admired the majesty of her intellect, capable of simultaneously enjoying the bliss of the honeymoon and looking far enough into the future to see that a day must come when passion would cool, and romance become reality. Not a trace of selfishness in this intuitive foresight. What a treasure had he captured! What a noble specimen of womanhood sat by his side?

"You are silent, dear John," she murmured. "Do you dislike to hear me talk so seriously. It was in the fullness of joy I spoke. Then, too, the dark waters all about us are to blame for it; the stars that now do shine; yonder light that warns us, though it twinkles '*Bon voyage*'; the very air that fans my glowing cheeks is vitalized by the warmth of a fairy river, along whose watery banks we travel. Think of the time, the place, my own dear man."

"Both time and place are opportune, my little wife," spoke Burnaby. "I have not failed to note the wrecks floating on the sea of matrimony; how few families survive the first gale, or, weathering it, toss out a water-logged existence without hope of haven. Signals of distress, unrecognized by the law, unheeded, even mocked, by society are to be found on every parallel of social longitude. Matrimony is in need of a weather bureau. You have suggested one. The idea is great. It's yours. It's Mootla."

SHE—"And feasible?"

HE—"Yes."

Burnaby meditated for a time. Then he asked, impulsively:

"Wherein is the happiness of married life?"

Mootla did not reply for a full minute. Then her cheeks burned and her face became radiant.

"Shall I answer?" she asked, as she nestled closely under the protecting shelter of his arm.

"Certainly, my own darling. We are one. Wherein, think you, shall we find this happiness we seek?"

"In our children," she almost whispered, as she hid her face, suffused with blushes, on his breast.

Burnaby's manly heart gave a great throb. He raised Mootla's face, with its eyes tightly closed, and kissed her on each cheek as an emperor might have greeted a princess royal. He could not speak. The majesty of the moment overcame him.

Here was a new responsibility already confronting him. Like every other young man who has married, he found himself confronted with the greatest of all social problems—the rearing of a family. But, was not Mootla right? he mused. Of course she was. She was divine.

On the air floated a message which Burnaby's ear alone could comprehend. It re-echoed in his heart,

passed out again upon the breeze, only to return with the mental picture of desolate Cotton Mather, seated alone in his great drawing-room, thinking of his pet child and her changed condition. Burnaby held his wife closer and closer, without fear of bruising her, as he proudly thought, but dared not confide even to the tattling wind, lest it might render an old man's heart more sad:

"My little Mootla now; God bless her."

Burnaby wondered, then, why he had never contemplated founding a home—that source of the ethical current. He had imagined himself a student of social science, its laws, its impulses, its mutations and progress; but here was a young woman at his side who showed him, in three words, how ignorant he was. He recalled the confidence, the unconscious bravado, with which he had grappled serious problems involving the political future of Europe and America when he was a child in his knowledge regarding the family—the source of our alleged civilization. And he had taken upon himself the grave responsibility of perpetuating this very institution of which he was so ignorant—the family. He became almost frightened as the thought grew upon him.

Mootla did not interrupt his reflections. She could not possibly have imagined what was passing in her husband's mind. She was still looking far ahead along the Gulf Stream's course. She saw, in mental vision, the warm equatorial ocean where it attained its primary impulse, but she remembered that after its procession was run it dashed upon the frigid coasts of Labrador and Scotland; it met the icebergs and wasted all its heat in melting them; it carried the tropical fauna upon its tide until destruction overtook them amid the frozen seas. It was delusive—like all else in this world. She remembered the gayly-colored nautilus. Where was the point at which the nautilus forsook the warm tide? Where was the first chill? Ah, that was the sublime question. That point avoided, man and woman might readily achieve perfect happiness.

Another thought took possession of her. Was the old adage true: Did intimacy really induce contempt? Was entire confidence possible? Must the woman never strive to find out facts about her husband which she really did not want to know? Must she keep her eyes closed far enough not to see the faults in her companion? Or, seeing the blemishes, were they to be discussed, and mutually recognized and admitted? Perhaps only oddities, peculiarities, existed. When recognized, who was to decide them faults? If admitted, which partner to the bond was to be allowed the larger number? The man? Yes. Naturally a woman would think so, she was impartial enough to admit. But was she right? No; had not she, Mootla, more eccentricities than any man who ever lived? Indeed she had, was her mature decision. Even her name was a vagary, a wild freak in which a gentle, generous world had humored her. Being so, how could her husband, the one being most precious to her among the world's billion, endure her after he found her out? After he had studied her critically—as no doubt he would! Ah! what was the part of wisdom? This: To establish a peace while the most amicable relations lasted.

There was nothing to tell Burnaby about her life further than he already knew. Cotton Mather, at Mootla's command, had given the suitor for his ward's hand her entire history, even to many minute details not set down in this true history. Hereafter Burnaby could only learn what he discovered for himself. But,



would not a day come—an unfortunate day—in which Burnaby, her own Jack Burnaby, would study her critically? Would he not look at her as a social problem, similar to the labor question, the equities of aliens, or the State's duties to its orphans—all of which he discussed and analyzed so clearly? Would he not give her, his wife, the same close consideration and study, and reach a definite conclusion of some kind? She believed he would. But much as she knew, Mootla did not know man. In that respect she was borrowing trouble.

This couple belonged to the new generation, not the old. They had plunged into matrimony after the traditionally impetuous fashion, but they had risen to the surface sooner, and were already sensibly looking about for a beacon by which to lay their course in life.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### FALL OF A PILLAR.

DURING the two months' truce between Walter Rawson and his antagonists several momentous events occurred—events that in themselves, would have conquered any but a resolute man.

Ixbars was dead.

He had not yielded up his life to the defence of the Great Cyclops Company, as might have been expected from his heroism on the night of the assault, but had been shot down miserably by a rival lover of one of his several lady friends.

The cause of the quarrel would have been ridiculous had it not terminated so gravely, for Ixbars was killed on account of a pair of gum galoches.

He had always taken great care of his health; he atoned for every act of dissipation by the most rigid attention to his doctor's advice. Among other things, the physician had cautioned him against a disposition to goutness which lurked in his system, and had advised him to wear rubber shoes whenever the weather was damp. Ixbars, who generally had an original way of doing everything, at once purchased a box of gum shoes and had a pair left at each of the households which he more or less maintained, for his use in the event of sudden showers or snow. When the particular pair of gum shoes that was sent to the cosy dwelling of Miss Mamie Dindwiddle reached their destination, the lady was entertaining a gentleman in the parlor. The package, neatly tied up as it had been ordered to be, was by some mistake brought directly to her, and when she in her surprise, opened it, a small perfumed note fell out upon the floor. Before she could interfere her companion took it up and read:

MEASELUM LITTLE GURL—Pleez put these gums behint your door or where they will be safe. I may want them.  
Ever your lumpson, IXER.

The conduct of the young lady's visitor was, to say the least, characteristic of prompt action, however much wanting in propriety. He gently took the package from her hands, stepped to the front door and threw the shoes into the middle of the street.

A few evenings after this, as Ixbars was entering a hotel he was shot down by this man who had insulted his gum shoes.

Amid great commotion, the wounded man was carried to a room and his friends summoned. Rawson ever prompt to act in great emergencies, was almost the first person at the bedside of the dying man. Nogood and Goshock were both sent for; but only Nogood responded.

Poor Ixbars was in great agony of mind and body—realizing that he had lost his life and his sweetheart.

That was a wild night in New York. The streets were filled with people who tramped about in the snow and the slush, and asked each other in bated breath: "What does it mean?" "Has the Tombs been mobbed yet?" "Will the assassin be lynched?" "Is it the end of the Cyclops ring?" Broadway imperfectly cleared of snow by the political friends of the Cyclops people, was a canal bordered by banks of ice, streaked with the filth of the city. The street crossings were sloughs. Through an expanse of foul snow the great throng of pedestrians waded and floundered, ankle deep.

In addition to all these discomforts, as the word was passed that the wounded man was dying up-stairs in the great hotel—the Grand Llama, by the way—a muggy rain, which had been threatening all day, began to fall. It was not one of those winter rainstorms which by its dash and fury enlivens rather than depresses the heart—inspiring a tighter clutch upon our souls—but, beginning with a gentle, steam-like vapor it soon became a drizzling shower, falling in wavy lines and insinuating its dampness through clothing and umbrellas. It penetrated to the interior of the cars and the stages. No waterproof or closed *coupé* could shut it out. No exercise of which the pedestrian was capable was sufficiently enlivening to stir the sluggish pulse. Upon the dumb animals, servants of man, the effect of such a night was no less pitiable.

If it seemed chaos in the streets, how much more it appeared so to the watchers by the death-bed. There, friendless and alone, lay the popular idol and the gallant of the Cyclops ring, the greatest commercial corporation in the new world. The few men who stood about the couch conversed in whispers, and every face, except Rawson's, wore the shadow of despair. The apartment was carefully guarded from intruders, and it is an actual fact that many of the dying man's last hours were passed without the presence of any physician.

Ixbar's usefulness being at an end, it was none the less desirable to have him take to the oblivion of the grave all the guilty secrets he shared.

Thus they stood, waiting for Ixbars to die, and, in a manner so customary to him, he obliged them, and yielded up the ghost. His body lay in state in the magnificent offices of the Cyclops company on the following day—Ixbars of the multitude and the model of a rising generation that had already begun its warfare against society. His corpse was conveyed to the grave, and the band of his own pet regiment, which he had organized and uniformed, preceded the funeral cortège, playing "The Dead March" from Saul.

But hot upon the calamity followed another crushing blow for Walter Rawson.

Although it was now only the middle of March, barely ninety days since the bold move that brought Nogood forward as one of the Cyclops managers, that arch thief was absolutely in jail, charged by the law officer of the municipality with common, or rather uncommon, robbery. He had been re-arrested on new charges, and, strange to say, could not find the \$100,000 bail demanded.

So, in the hour when help was most needed, the political prop of the ring was wanting. Its drum-major, Ixbars, was dead. Rawson's steps were shadowed by the paid spies of the Cyclops opposition, and on his part he never moved out of his house or office without having a few trusty defenders within call.

In the darkest of these hours he received a letter, a trifling looking note, that gave him the courage of

Hercules. It was written soon after the return of Mr. and Mrs. Burnaby from their wedding journey, and read:

"THE WILLOWS"—Night.

DEAR WALTER—I know your danger. Protect yourself at once. Cut loose from every thief as soon as he is detected. Keep the prey in sight—and despair not. Remember the eclipse. The moon may wane, but it fulfs again.

Be vigilant in misfortune. Burn out your heart and toss your conscience to the four winds of heaven—are scattered the ashes of the holy Brahmins.

MOOTLA.

Rawson kept himself under lock and key, and distrusted everybody. Alone he worked out the solution of the situation, giving to his character the royal patent of genius. Holding the decrees of courts in contempt and the united power of his foes at bay, he planned a ten days' campaign, that for novelty and brilliancy is not equalled in the history of speculation.

Supreme egotist as he was, Rawson could read the world's opinion of his actions in the hearts of other men. He knew that odium and contempt attached to his name. Some of it was justly deserved, some was not. He was frank with himself—a difficult confidence to make. Therefore, a complete surrender on his part would boom the Cyclops stock. He would yield.

He gathered up 50,000 shares at prices varying from \$39 to \$41—the certificates at the latter figure being taken in only a few hours before he abdicated.

When he was prepared, Rawson sent to the leaders of the Anglo-American combination a message of conciliation. He was ready, he said, to turn over the company's property to its lawful managers.

A meeting was arranged between Mr. Clinchall, the new figurehead of the Cyclops selected by Gen. Worden and Walter Rawson. It took place a few hours later in the day. Rawson's haughtiness toward Clinchall was noticed by everybody present. There was ample reason for it, because this cruiser on the Barbary coast had narrowly escaped going ashore early in his career, because of a false beacon waved before his eyes by this same Clinchall, and known as the "Saginaw Salt." As to honor between them, Rawson knew that the odds were in his own favor.

The deposed president slowly descended the marble stairway for the last time, entered his cab, and drove off. He had only to wait.

Relieved of the damning incubus of Rawson's name, the price of Cyclops rose 34 "points" in three weeks. The ex-president unloaded his entire lot in the neighborhood of \$75 per share, realizing \$1,650,000 profits. He then began to sell stock that he did not possess, going "short" to the extent of 45,000 shares, and as low as \$66.

About that time the new management discovered that twenty millions of bonds supposed to be in the treasury were missing. Rawson gave the fact the widest publicity. The price of Cyclops fell with a crash to \$41 a share, enabling this bold man to purchase what he had agreed to deliver at an average profit of thirty per cent. A neat scoop of \$1,300,000!

This was all very pretty; but "the penitentiary doors yawned for Walter Rawson," said the newspapers and the Clinchall management. Where was he? Nobody knew. He couldn't be found. He was indicted for embezzlement on half a dozen counts.

Rumors of the utter bankruptcy of the Cyclops Company were assiduously circulated. It was asserted that millions had been embezzled by Rawson and his colleagues. For four days this suspense lasted.

Giving instructions over the private wire from his house, where he was snugly ensconced, Rawson bought Cyclops at its lowest figures. A declining market had no terrors for him.

When the trap was loaded again he caused the following brief note to President Clinchall to be published in all the newspapers:

"MY DEAR SIR: In the excitement of surrendering the Cyclops management to you a few days ago, I forgot to mention that you will find in box 3345 of the Muscovite Safe Deposit Company, bonds of the Cyclops Company to the amount of \$20,785,000. Not a coupon is missing. I have authorized the delivery of the property to you.

"I congratulate you on the sound financial condition of the great corporation which you have been chosen to direct. I herewith send you a statement of the company's assets that will greatly assist you.

"Sincerely,

"WALTER RAWSON."

To this letter was appended in the newspapers such a clear exposition of the financial condition of the road that the stock regained in a few hours all it had depreciated. This was the quickest "turn" Rawson ever made. His sales on the long account netted him \$800,000.

When the weary struggle was ended, Walter Rawson returned for a few days to his old home. There he answered Mootla's letter:

"CRUMPT, Saturday.

"DEAR MOOTLA: Your brave words saved me. I have ruined them all. In recognition of your sympathy I sold the new management 5,000 Cyclops for your account at 74. I have taken it in at 52. Inclosed please find check No. 6740 for profit, \$110,000.

"This was their money, every dollar of it, and I am afforded peculiar pleasure in knowing that it is now yours.

"WALTER."

"Magnificent!" exclaimed Mootla, waving the check aloft. "A whole vengeance in an act," as Dumas would say."

Twenty-four hours later this check was returned to Rawson by Burnaby, with a brief but respectful note saying that his wife, Mootla, had no use for the money, as her bank account was ample. He thanked Rawson for his kindness, and there the epistle ended.

The facts were that Mootla had handed the check to her husband to deposit to her credit. Burnaby, who did not approve of Rawson's methods of making money, had simply substituted a check of his own for the amount. He had no objections to Rawson receiving Mootla's thanks for this act of well-meant generosity, but he feared the curse that attached to Rawson's money.

Rawson was now the popular hero of Wall Street. No one any longer disputed his supremacy. His wonderful resources, the vast capital that he controlled and could hurl, like a missile from a catapult, at the stock market, made him feared and courted by friends and enemies.

One of the metropolitan journals published a sketch of Rawson in which he was called "a rocket." Two weeks later, to a day, Cotton Mather purchased that newspaper and converted its editor into a literary porcupine, companion to his brood of ichneumons.

But about this time he unfortunately lost one of his oldest and staunchest friends—Jack Burnaby. They met one afternoon at Delmonico's, corner of Chambers' Street. Rawson took Burnaby aside and asked, point blank:

"Will you sell *The Cyclone*?"

"No, indeed. Where did you get such an idea?"

"I suppose you would if you could get your price."

"The money of Monte Cristo wouldn't purchase *The Cyclone*. The only way you can buy it is to pay four cents for it on the street."

"It has been attacking me lately. I thought you might want to sell it."

"That will do, Rawson. You're an old friend, and I choose to overlook the insult. But this is the end"—and he turned on his heel.

They never spoke again; but *The Cyclone* continued its exposures of the tricks and artifices of Walter Rawson. Its good intentions availed nothing. The gudgeons came to the net of the blind pool quite as plentifully.

Cotton Mather already owned a newspaper and an editor with a lofty mind; Rawson had believed he ought to have one also, with an assortment of financial writers. These two gentlemen were not exercised about the rapid progress of journalism toward the borderlands of an exact art; but they wanted a means of reaching the general public in disguise, and they intended "to work the press for all it was worth."

With all their wide experience, those two skeptics continued to believe in what was once called "The Power of the Press." They belonged to the only class of observing people that still held to such convictions. Their reasons were good ones, as will be shown.

Rawson's management of the blind pool was such as to strike terror into the hearts of his rivals in business. He disdained all the familiar tricks of the street. "Only one thing at a time" had been the maxim of his boldest predecessors. They had a horror of getting "astride" the market—that is, going "short" of some stocks and "long" of others at the same time. Rawson and Mather had detected the fallacy of this axiom, and just here it was that "the power of the press" was utilized.

Rawson kept control of a few lines of dividend-paying properties, and these he invariably advanced in the midst of a most savage attack on non-dividend specialties. The system admitted of endless variations of method.

The Blind Pool's journals were cleverly managed. Cotton Mather's paper attacked Rawson violently at times, and was openly arrayed against the schemes in which it charged him with being interested, but with which, in reality, he had little or nothing to do. It dwelt upon the uncertainties of the "fancies" and the "nickel-plated curios" which the pool was depressing, but which Rawson was charged with carrying in fabulous amounts; at the same time it pointed out the advisability of putting one's money into property that yielded certain income, and was safe from violent fluctuations.

However much the readers of the journal—which everybody who speculated watched carefully—doubted its good faith, they were certain to ponder over the sage wisdom of its editor. The longer they deliberated the more convinced were they that the particular article then before them was not written to mislead. A frankness in dealing with the condition of the market characterized the course of the journal that charmed even its most suspicious readers. "Surely," they reasoned in their hearts, "the wicked editor is away, and his truly good partners are in charge for the time."

So, after several days' careful deliberation, during which the high-priced stocks had advanced eight or ten points (additional proof of the accuracy of the journalistic judgment!) and the low stocks had been thrown

away at rapidly-declining figures (convincing testimony as to the disinterested nature of the warning), the great public came in with a rush? The "lambs" sold out all their "fancies," pocketed their losses, and instead of banking their scanty balances, reinvested them in the "staples," at the top prices. Grand change!

Within a few days, likely as not in a few hours, the voracious organs chanted a different tune. The lambs were not frightened, however. Have "the wicked partners" returned, and resumed their sway? No; innocence! The wind has changed. Rather say the weather vane has swung, moved by an unseen hand beneath. 'Tis the weather-cock that gives direction to the currents in this part of the sky—not the wind that influences it. The communicating cranks are hidden, but the masked control is there!

Oh! then, unhappy ones! How could you all have been so blind? Read, and know the madness of paying more for anything than it is worth:

"The Lake Shower might possibly be desirable at par, but at 140 it is similar to buying nitro-glycerine—dear and dangerous."

And this writer actually uses the word "possibly!" But, read further, lovely lamb, if only to see how logically an editor can think:

"The crowning satisfaction in purchasing low-priced stocks is that one knows exactly how much he can lose!"

What could be truer than this? If a man gave voice to such an astounding bit of wisdom in a counting-room his best friend would kick him; but, being found in the newspapers, it's great. Still more is the reader edified to learn:

"The heretofore neglected cheap stocks are at their lowest imaginable figures, and are certain to advance when the market changes, as it surely will in a very few days. Then there will be a spurt toward higher prices that will astonish everybody. . . . It should not be forgotten that one can buy twice as many shares of stock selling below 50 as he can of 'gilt-edged' certificates quoted above par."

Think of it!

It's a siren's tune, and many a good man has heard it

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE LAW OF REPRISAL.

WALTER RAWSON had sheared the lambs of the political estate—local and national. The few persons who had escaped him had drawn out of speculation, satisfied with moderate gains. The capital of "the blind pool" now exceeded thirty millions. Rawson was its front and figure-head, and his partner's connection was not even suspected by the commercial savants of Wall Street.

These ambidextrous knights of retribution prepared to give the professional politicians the death-stroke.

Cotton Mather's cynicism was unlike Rawson's. He no longer believed in the existence of integrity and sincerity. Out of an overweening patriotism had been evolved a positive contempt for the political methods of his country. He had assigned to himself a mission in life. Construing the word "retribution" as a synonym for "justice," he had appointed himself its dispenser.

The part that Cotton Mather took in directing the management of this vast retaliation campaign was by no means inconsiderable. He never went into Wall Street, because he believed that a bird's-eye view of the field is often the best. While Rawson was engaged in



this hand to hand contest on the floor of the Stock Exchange, Mather was protecting his flanks and watching the movements of the enemy. He did not think and act simultaneously, as did Rawson. He had not the mastery of details that the younger man possessed, but as an originating mind his was marvelous. Great ideas came to him most readily in repose. Nothing was too stupendous for him to dare undertake. Had he resolved, in the quiet of his chamber, to annex Canada or Mexico to the United States, he resolutely could have set about shaping events to that end.

Cotton Mather owed his mental strength almost wholly to his faculties of memory and observation. His acuteness as a looker-on in this world had brought him half his original fortune. Even as late in life as when we first saw him at "The Willows" he was prompted to introduce the mowing-machine into India—and did so with great profit—because he observed that the sacred cow preferred to eat cut grass. Indeed, it would have been difficult to apportion the credit for some of the yawning breaches made in the stock market by the financial catapult.

Difficult as it may have seemed, these two men often met in secret and calmly discussed their present and prospective enterprises. The two houses were connected by private wires and by telephones. A line from Rawson's house to his office was also switched into connection with Mather whenever the younger speculator started down town. One of these meetings was destined to change the face of nature on this globe.

"We must now get control of the Mississippi river," began Cotton Mather, as soon as he had warmed his hands at the grate fire.

"We already manage the barges, the steamboat traffic and one railroad along its banks," suggested Rawson, in the dark as to his coadjutor's meaning.

"Yes, I know," exclaimed the old man, impatiently.

"But we must own the river itself—"

"And let other people do the work, while we collect the tolls and freights," added Rawson, laughing heartily at the apparent absurdity of his own words.

"That's the idea, exactly."

Rawson ceased his hilarity. His face mobilized instantly as he said:

"It's stupendous in conception and detail, but I see it clearly. A company with one hundred millions of capital. Think of it! One million shares!" and Rawson's eyes grew large and tiger-like.

"We shall put ourselves down for half the stock, as 'insiders.' One dollar a share for us; the public will cry for it at a hundred," interjected Cotton Mather, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"We'll utilize everything on the river and its tributaries that can be turned to profit," resumed Rawson, "from the copper ores of Lake Pemidji to the great Red river raft."

"Yes; that raft will furnish kindling wood for the civilized world," added the old merchant.

"We shall control the ice supply of New Orleans. Every bale of cotton that comes North, and every bushel of corn that is sent South to pay for it, will yield us tolls," Rawson rattled on.

"Promises well; eh, Walter?" interjected the originator, watching his companion's enthusiasm.

"We shall control all the water-power from Pockegama Falls to Keokuk. The Government proposes to build great gun-works at Rock Island. Its action must be delayed until we own the river. We must bridge the Mississippi at St. Louis, and levy toll on every car that crosses."

"Isn't it gigantic?" demanded Mather, as the dimensions and grand possibilities of his scheme grew upon him.

"Magnificent," answered Rawson, who saw only the intellectual sublimity of the original idea.

"Prodigious?"

"Symmetrical!"

"Astounding?"

"Brilliant!"

"Marvelous?"

"Dazzling!"

"Tremendous?"

"Splendid! But, give it a name."

"I have it: 'The National Improvement Company,'" Mather hastened to say.

Walter Rawson tacitly accepted the suggestion, for he dashed into details:

"The act of incorporation must read 'The Mississippi River and its Tributaries.' Don't you see, that will enable us to take possession of the Missouri, the Ohio and the Red rivers when we so desire."

"Yes, yes; I have thought of all that."

"But, my dear sir, a bill will have to be got through Congress sanctioning this job—"

Cotton Mather sprang to his feet. His entire manner, even his countenance, changed. He walked about, excitedly. Walter, and all his startling theorizations, was forgotten. Mather saw only his foe.

"Leave that to me," he exclaimed. "Ah! that's where my interest in this undertaking comes in. Leave the bill to me."

"Will the country stand it?"

"You know it will," retorted the old man, waxing angry within. "A nation that has calmly seen its Congress vote away two or three belts of land twenty miles wide and two thousand miles long to railway corporations, besides guaranteeing millions of interest annually and allowing the beneficiaries to default to the government while they were paying dividends on the stock—such a people, I say, will stand anything. Why, we only ask the control of a strip of water three thousand miles long, and less than two miles wide, on an average," he exclaimed, in conclusion.

"Very well; then you will come to the front in this matter?" replied Walter, interrogatively, neither assenting to nor dissenting from the elder man's declaration.

"I will. The next move is to make sure that the national prosperity continues," resumed Cotton Mather, in a sarcastic tone. "There must not be any sudden change in the administration at Washington. Every outside dabbler in stocks must be converted into 'a bull on the country.'"

"But, the bill," suggested Rawson, impatiently.

"Having procured a general corporation charter, under the laws of New Jersey, Delaware, or some other liberal State, we shall spring the enterprise in the National Congress, whenever a majority of its members have been properly convinced of its merits. Why, Walter, you'll see it go through as smoothly as a River and Harbor bill. There'll be money in it for everybody. It will make a millionaire of every faithful friend of the company. It will re-distribute the national wealth. I shall have more applicants with votes than we shall need. 'Will the country stand it?' Lord bless you, yes."

"Well, it's a go," said Rawson. "I admit that I was staggered in the first round."

"We shall grow with it," continued the father of the scheme. "In a quarter of a century it will outlive

the East India Company. It's stock will be worth a thousand dollars per share at the end of ten years. We shall lay out new towns, colonize them, seize the railroads that enter them, until in time we shall control the politics in every state along the Mississippi banks."

"But, there may be adverse legislation, later on."

"We must get our grip on the future. No legislation, Walter, can destroy capital as fast as we can create it."

With this reassuring statement, the interview terminated.

Despite Mather's enthusiasm in Walter's presence,

it was a secret which he whispered only to his innermost heart that his sole object in introducing this gigantic measure into Congress was to revenge himself for the wanton injuries inflicted upon him and his business associates by unwise or corrupt legislation. He had been a good hater from his early manhood, and now the floodgates of his wrath and contempt were opened on the members of Congress. The feeling grew on him that as this measure must buy its way through, it would afford the opportunity of a life time to expose. The rottenness of the political chips that he had revered only so long as he misunderstood them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### THE FIRE-FLY.

(From the Persian.)

STARRING the meadow and brightening the dark,  
The fire-fly now lifts up his luminous spark;  
If he should pause long, or put out his light,  
A gem would be torn from the necklace of night.

One who was passing his roadway in June,  
Under the clouds that had hidden the moon,  
Asked him: "O, fire-fly, of wonderful ray,  
Why do you never salute us by day?"

"Curious questioner. Deep in the dark  
I have a background for showing my spark;  
But, if I try to abolish the sun,  
Who of all mortals will see me? Not one."

JOEL BENTON.

### SOME FAMOUS DUELS.

The Old Dueling-Ground at Bladensburg—The Meeting between Mason and McCarty—Barron and Decatur—Graves and Cilley—Clay and Randolph.

THE curious stroller in and around Washington will, sooner or later, find himself paying a visit to Bladensburg. It lies about five miles from the Capitol building, in a north-east direction, on the old pike road, leading from Washington to Baltimore. It is noted for the fact that a battle was fought here in 1814, between the American and British forces, just previous to the burning of the public buildings by the latter; but principally for the fact that near here lies the celebrated dueling-ground, which, in all probability, has been the scene of more hostile and fatal meetings than any other spot in America. It is estimated that upward of twenty duels have been fought here, in one particular spot, to say nothing of many others that have occurred in the immediate vicinity.

Much speculation has been indulged in as to why this particular spot, of all others, should have been singled out for this bloody notoriety. In all probability, however, it is only due to the accident of its proximity to the city, and its accessibility. It is easy to understand why quarrels and misunderstandings should occur in Washington, being the political center of the whole country, especially in those early days when the settlement of wrongs, real and imaginary, by the terms of the code, upon the field of honor, was considered the proper thing. The parties to an "affair" naturally adjourned to the nearest and most accessible spot outside of the District; for, while public opinion sustained the practice of dueling, there were statutory enactments

against it, and the minions of the law often made themselves inconveniently officious.

Many are the stories the old-time resident can tell of early breakfast-parties at the old-fashioned taverns of the place, to be followed all too soon by a bloody meeting upon the field. More than one party has been known to drive out from the city on the evening before an encounter, in order to be on the ground early in the morning. On one occasion, a blacksmith of the village was called upon in the night, and after much persuasion was induced to exercise his skill upon a musket which needed some repairs before being used on the deadly morrow. His conscientious scruples were silenced by the information that the weapon was to be used in a shooting-match. So it was, and the stake was a man's life.

The dueling-ground proper lies in a little ravine, a half-mile or more from the village, on the left-hand side of the road going toward Washington. A small stream, spanned by a bridge, crosses the road, and babbles away to join the river beyond. In the days when men resorted here for deadly combat, a tangled copse of underbrush, vines, and brambles filled the little valley. Through the copse the cows had picked and trampled a path, and in this path, shut in from view of the chance passer-by, the affair could be arranged and consummated, free from interruption. Now, modern improvement has cleared away the copse, and thrust in the plough-share. A few stunted

trees are left standing here and there upon the banks of the little stream. The green grass waves in the little valley, just as though the curse of blood were not upon the spot.

One of the most celebrated of these encounters, and the first that, on account of the prominence of the parties engaged in it, gave extended notoriety to the locality itself was the meeting between Mason and McCarty. The trouble between them grew from that prolific source of duels—politics. They were both citizens of Virginia, and cousins. At an election in Leesburg, in that state, Mason challenged McCarty's right to vote. In return, McCarty challenged the other to fight a duel; but in the challenge he assumed to dictate the terms and conditions of the meeting—a right that belongs, according to the code, to the challenged party. For this reason Mason refused to receive it, but notified the other that he would notice one in proper form. Thereupon McCarty published Mason as a coward. Then Mason in return sent a challenge to McCarty, but the latter refused to receive it, on the ground that he had already published the challenger as a coward, and was not bound to take any further notice of him. At this juncture Mason's friends interfered, and persuaded him, sorely against his will, to drop the matter. Thus it rested for some months, until, on the occasion of a stage ride to Richmond, in company with Andrew Jackson, the subject was again brought up, and Mason was advised that he ought to again challenge his cousin.

He did so without delay. In view of the events that had already occurred between the parties, he instructed his second to first ascertain if McCarty could be induced to fight, and if so, then to make the challenge in due form. His instructions were to agree to any terms and any distance—to three feet or to three inches; to any kind of arms—pistols, muskets or rifles. Thus instructed, the seconds called upon McCarty, who again declined to receive anything from Mason, on the ground of the latter's alleged cowardice. The seconds and McCarty quarreled, and almost fought. At last, under threat of being himself in turn published as a coward, McCarty agreed to fight. He then proceeded to dictate his terms. His first proposal was that he and Mason should leap together from the dome of the Capitol. This not being agreed to, he proposed that they should fight over an open barrel of gunpowder, with lighted torches for weapons. This was declined, as being contrary to the usage of the code, and calculated to set a dangerous precedent. He next proposed dirks in a hand-to-hand encounter. This was also declined. His last offer was to fight with muskets loaded with buckshot at a distance of ten feet. This was accepted, after being modified to a distance of twelve feet, and the guns to be loaded with a single ball. This looks like murder; but it has been said in extenuation for McCarty that he did not want to fight his cousin, and hoped to propose such terms as would not be accepted, and thus obviate the meeting. But Mason was desperate, and had evidently made up his mind to fight on any terms that afforded an equal chance of life, or rather an equal certainty of death.

The meeting occurred on Saturday morning, February 6th, 1819. The parties had spent the previous night in Bladensburg, and the impending meeting seems to have gotten pretty thoroughly noised through the village, for it is said many citizens of the place went out to witness the affair. In the midst of a heavy snowstorm they took their assigned places; Mason dressed in a long, heavy overcoat, McCarty stripped to his shirt. At the word, one loud report rang out, and

both fell. The life was literally *blown* out of Mason, and the other was severely wounded. The only wonder is that either escaped. It was one of the most desperate affairs ever known to the so-called field of honor.

As already stated, the prominence of the parties to the bloody affair gave it a wide notoriety. They both belonged to prominent Virginia families. Mason had been a United States Senator, and General of the State militia. The latter position he had resigned just before sending the challenge which resulted so fatally. But the most noted of all the melancholy affairs that have occurred here was that between Barron and Decatur.

It occurred on the 22d of March, 1820, being a little more than a year after that just detailed. The beginning of the trouble between them can be dated back to an event that had much to do with bringing on the war of 1812. This was the affair in 1807 between the British ship *Leopard* and the American frigate *Chesapeake*, in which the former fired into the latter, and when she struck her colors, being totally unprepared for action, took therefrom four seamen, under the pretense that they were British subjects. A storm of indignation swept over the country at the insult thus offered to our flag. The *Chesapeake* was under the broad pennant of Barron at the time. A court of inquiry was ordered to investigate the matter, and this in turn was followed by a court martial. Decatur was a member of both bodies, though it appears from the correspondence that he objected to serving on the latter, for the reason that he had formed an opinion unfavorable to the defendant while acting as a member of the Court of inquiry. The Department did not see proper to relieve him from serving on the second body, and whether he was in any way to blame or not, Barron looked upon the matter as a great wrong.

The sentence of the court was that Barron be suspended for a term of five years without pay. Shortly after the promulgation of the sentence he went abroad, and remained away for a number of years. Meanwhile the war of 1812-14 had broken out and been fought to its close. In that struggle the officers of our navy had repeatedly met the ships of England, and had acquitted themselves with glory.

The success of Decatur had been marked and brilliant. When Barron returned to his native country after the expiration of his sentence, he found the man whom, more than all others, he looked upon as being responsible for his disgrace in the very zenith of his glory, the pride and pet of the nation. One would think that Decatur could have afforded to allow the old man, after seven long years of exile, an opportunity to in some measure redeem the past, that was weighing upon him so bitterly. One cannot read the correspondence between these two without feeling his sympathy go out to Barron.

The correspondence on both sides is marked with asperity, not to say bitterness; but the careful reader will detect in the letters of Barron an undertone of remonstrance, and almost of pleading. He was an old man, broken down by disgrace and bad health. He applies for active service, and encounters at the very outset the violent opposition of Decatur. He speaks of his helpless family, from whom he had been separated so long, and who were now dependent on his half-pay. He speaks of the time when Decatur had been received by them as a guest. He even asks that the latter will omit to subscribe his name on the outside of the correspondence, that the feelings of the family may be spared.

It seems almost as the cry of a desperate man driven



to the wall, when, toward the end of the long correspondence, he writes: "You have *hunted* me out—have persecuted me with all the power and influence of your office, and have declared your determination to drive me from the navy, if I should make any effort to be employed, and for what purpose, or from what other motive than to obtain my rank, I know not."

Decatur had everything that heart could wish—wealth, fame, friends, and a beautiful wife who adored him. One cannot help but think he envied the poor old broken-down, near-sighted man his one ewe lamb—his rank. Else why should he stir the matter up after it had lain quiet for some months and Barron was apparently satisfied? Why send the correspondence to Norfolk, Barron's home, to be shown to his friends, and thus reopen the old sore? No satisfactory explanation of this act on the part of Decatur is found in all the voluminous correspondence.

It looks, indeed, as if we did not want the matter to stop, and intended to goad the other into sending a challenge. Whether such was his intention or not, Barron evidently believed it to be so, and at last he wrote in his note of January 16th: "Whenever you will consent to meet me on fair and equal grounds, that is, such as two honorable men may consider just and proper, you are at liberty to view this as a call."

At last they met on the Bladensburg field, and stood up within sixteen feet of each other with pistols cocked and aimed. At the word both fell, Decatur mortally and Barron severely wounded. Both expected to die, and during the brief period that elapsed from the shots till they were taken away in the carriages they held a conversation which has been variously reported, but it is certain that the spirit displayed by both was that of amity and forgiveness.

The death a short time ago in New York city of the veteran journalist, James Watson Webb, at the age of eighty-two years, brings to mind the part he had in bringing about one of the most celebrated and desperate duels recorded in the annals of the District, numerous, desperate and bloody as such affairs have been, especially during the first forty years after the location of the Capitol. The encounter referred to is that which took place on Saturday, the 24th day of February, 1838, between Jonathan Cilley and William J. Graves, both members of the House of Representatives—the first from Maine and the last from Kentucky. Of all the hostile encounters that have, first and last, occurred in the immediate vicinity of Washington, there was least excuse or occasion for this. The duel came about in this wise. On the 12th day of February, of the year named, Mr. Wise, a member from Virginia, called the attention of the House to a publication in the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, charging a certain member of the House with corruption, and moved the appointment of a committee to investigate the matter. Mr. Wise said:

"The character of the authority upon which the charge is made is vouched for as respectable and authentic by the editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, in whose paper it appears, and the House is called upon to defend its honor and dignity against the charge."

Mr. Cilley opposed the resolution, and in the course of the ensuing debate used certain language in regard to the editor's course in connection with the Bank of the United States, about which Mr. Webb felt called upon to demand an explanation. With that object he addressed a note to Mr. Cilley, of which Mr. Graves became the bearer, with full knowledge of its contents. This note Mr. Cilley declined to receive, on the ground

that he did not care to be drawn into a controversy with a conductor of a public newspaper for words spoken in debate in the House of Representatives. Thereupon a brief correspondence arose between the two Congressmen, Mr. Graves taking the ground that the refusal of Mr. Cilley to receive the note was an affront to him as well as to his friend Mr. Webb, and Mr. Cilley steadily denying all intention of disrespect to his fellow member, but declining to be called to account by Mr. Webb or any other man for words spoken in debate. Mr. Graves finally sent a challenge, and Mr. Cilley promptly accepted and named his terms. They were to fight with rifles loaded with ball at eighty yards distance, the dress to be ordinary winter clothing, subject to the examination of either party.

They met on the road leading from Washington to Marlborough, in Maryland, just over the District line, about three o'clock P. M. The rifle of Mr. Graves carried about eighty balls to the pound, that of Mr. Cilley about one hundred and thirty. At the first fire both missed. Then the mutual friends of the parties attempted a reconciliation, but the effort was in vain. A second shot was exchanged, with a like result. Reconciliation was again urged and again failed. Again the deadly rifles were loaded. At the third fire Mr. Cilley fell and almost instantly expired. Congress appointed a committee to investigate the affair, and upon its report, which was voluminous, Mr. Henry A. Wise, who acted as Mr. Graves' second, was censured, and Mr. Graves himself was expelled.

Another celebrated duel of those early times was that which took place in 1826 between Henry Clay, at that time Secretary of State under Mr. Adams's administration, and John Randolph, a Senator from Virginia. It took place near the Little Falls of the Potomac, on the Virginia side. It had its origin in certain language attributed to Mr. Randolph in debate in the Senate, in which he charged, or at least intimated, that certain papers then under discussion had been manufactured in the Department, and characterized the administration as a corrupt coalition between the Puritan and the blackleg. Upon hearing of this Mr. Clay sent a peremptory challenge. This was before the days of stenographic reports, and it afterward appeared that the exact language used was: "Puritanic—diplomatic—blacklegged—administration."

The Virginian denied the right of Mr. Clay, or any one else, to call him to account for words used in the Senate, but expressed his entire readiness, as a *man*, to meet any one who felt aggrieved. It is said that Randolph, before the meeting, confided to his friend General Hamilton, and also to Senator Thomas H. Benton, his determination to receive Mr. Clay's fire without returning it. Some of the newspaper accounts of the affair are to the effect that he carried out this intention, but the better authority is to the effect that on the first fire his bullet passed inconveniently near Mr. Clay, and struck a stump close behind him. It was not until the second exchange of shots that he carried out his original intention, and fired into the air. The reasons Mr. Randolph gave his friends, before the meeting, for his intention of receiving without returning Mr. Clay's fire were that he bore no animosity against the latter; that to return the fire would be to acknowledge Mr. Clay's right to call him out as a Senator; that he was willing to stand up as a man, and be shot at; but was not willing, as the representative of his State, to engage in a duel; that Mr. Clay had a wife and children, while he had no one to mourn his loss should he fall. To pacify his friends, however, he

promised that if, on meeting, he should "see a devil in Mr. Clay's eye," he might change his mind.

It appears he did change his mind, and for the following reason: On the way to the field, Mr. Clay had asked his second to give the word just as it was to be given on the field, and on hearing it expressed his doubts about being able to raise his pistol, take aim and fire in the short time given. This coming to the knowledge of Mr. Randolph just before the exchange of shots, caused him to change his course on the impulse of the moment. At the second shot, as he fired into the air,

he said: "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay," and, advancing, offered his hand.

Mr. Clay responded, with much emotion: "I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched. After what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."

Mr. Randolph said, jocosely: "You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay."

The latter answered: "I am glad the debt is no greater."

The bullet had passed through the skirt of his coat.

M. D. ADKINS.

### SOWING HEARTSEASE.

TO-DAY as I scattered some tiny brown seeds,  
Where sun rays of gold, and the rain's silver beads,  
Would fall with an influence gentle yet strong,  
My fancy was rife with the dear pansy faces,  
Which nodding and smiling, a thrill with sweet graces,  
Would spring up to brighten my garden ere long.

Yes, heartsease I'll sow then in lone hearts as well.  
Small, true, homely deeds, wherein kindness shall dwell,  
With smiles for their sunshine, soft tears for their rain;  
And so it may chance that when least I shall know,  
Their sweet blooms of purple, of gold and of snow,  
Shall light with their beauty the sad haunt of pain.

JENNIE S. JUDSON.

### THE PARAMOUNT QUESTION.

IN a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* Mr. Curtis congratulates the country upon the nomination of Stephen G. Cleveland, and exultingly declares to be a fact that "public attention" will not be diverted from the paramount question of the personal character of the candidates." This indicates very clearly the purpose of the Democratic party and their very singularly situated allies, the Independents, in the present campaign. Every possible effort is being put forth, and is to be continued until the day of election, to produce in the minds of the people the impression that this contest is not a contest between the Republican party and the Democratic, but simply a personal squabble between James G. Blaine and Stephen G. Cleveland. It is not strange that this should be the course adopted by the Democracy.

Ever since 1864 the Democratic party has been earnestly striving to secure a Republican sheepskin to cover the wolf's hide which constitutes its natural integument. They have dealt in subterfuge, evasion and duplicity in order to conceal from the honest and patriotic voter the identity of the power which quadrennially seeks to seize and wield the power of the government with that which then sought to subvert and destroy it. They then declared the war for the Union to be a failure, and nominated its most significant failure, the general who had just been retired for signal incompetency, as their candidate for President, hoping thereby to delude some of the soldier element into acceptance of their policy of submission and dismemberment.

In 1868, it is true, they nominated as the head of their ticket a true and faithful exponent of their treasonable peace policy—a man who, if not actively concerned in the organization of resistance to the government of the United States and the promotion of the bloody riots in the city of New York, was at least morally responsible for giving the city up to pillage and slaughter, and the failure to repress and subdue violence. At the same time, however, they tacked to the tail of the Democratic kite the name of a Union general, in the hope that some might be led by the glitter of the stars on his shoulders to give support to a sentiment and policy, which, if clearly understood, they would regard only with abhorrence.

In 1872, so great was their desperation, that they adopted as their standard-bearer one of the great leaders of Republican thought. Horace Greeley appealed to the country to forget party differences and make "personal character the paramount question" between himself and General Grant. Behind him gathered the hosts of the rebellion. The traditional Democrats of the North forgot their malignity and hoisted to the masthead the name which for a score of years they had scarcely uttered without curses. Around him stood a brilliant array of Independents, far more notable and imposing than that which now answers to the battle-cry of Mr. Curtis. A half-dozen eminent leaders in the House and Senate broke away from their party—not because the party had betrayed its trust, nor because it was less pure and true to principle than it had been before, but because they distrusted, disliked or feared the man it had



selected for its leader. Mr. Sumner threw the weight of his great name into the scale of "personal character." Mr. Schurz, with his keen instinct for profit and preferment, professed his readiness and ability to come over and to bring the "German vote" with him into the Democratic camp.

The greatest Republican newspaper in the land, which had represented the thoughts and utterances of the candidate for thirty years, was trained against his old associates, and did battle in the cause of "personal character." There was then no question of the purity, uprightness, and sincerity of the man the Democrats had chosen as their leader. He had been an unflinching champion of the right as God gave him to see it; he was a sincere believer in the American idea of government, a life-long champion of personal liberty, and not smutched or tainted in the least degree with sympathy or participation in the purposes and theories of rebellion. His life, public and private, was single, pure and sweet.

There was much disaffection with the public conduct and character of his opponent. The Independents of that day hated him for the friends he had made, and venerated their leader for the enemies whom a life of active conflict for the right had roused up against him. Every element that would seem to point to success in such a movement now was ten times stronger then. Yet there was something so incongruous between the leader and the host he led that not even this piece of Democratic strategy could be made to succeed. *Harper's Weekly*, then ignoring what it now terms the "paramount question of personal character," recognized the force which stood behind the figure-head, and with the pencil of Nast gave the kindly old man many a grievous wound that reached even to the quick, from out of which his life-blood poured in the hour of humiliation and defeat.

In 1876 the Democratic party sought again to divert attention from what it had done in the past, and what its "rifle clubs" and "bulldozers" were even then doing in the South by the cry of "Tilden and Reform," seeking to make of the discovery of Tweed's frauds a cloak under cover of which Tweed's fellow-partisans might creep into power.

In 1880 they endeavored once more to distract attention from the past career and present purpose of the Democratic party by nominating an eminent Federal soldier whose political equipment was too scanty to conceal his intellectual nakedness, and parading him with great show of virtue as their chosen standard bearer. Again "personal character" was sought to be made a "paramount question." "329" was chalked on every doorstep in the land. Personal integrity was made the issue, and the Democracy sought again to acquire control of the country, not by virtue of what they had done in the past, or through confidence in what they proposed to do in the future, but simply on the claim that the Republican candidate had possibly been guilty of wrong.

The issue is made again in 1884, and Mr. Curtis declares it to be the "paramount question" of the campaign. Every fact of our history and every principle of our government is against the proposition. What a candidate represents—the force which is behind him and makes him significant—has always been accounted of more importance than what he is. As a consequence of this, mere ciphers in political life, and even men of sadly smutched repute, have time and again been preferred as candidates and chosen by the people, because the doubt as to what they were individually was of less

importance to the country than the certainty as to what they would do in case of their election.

Perhaps no man of more degraded personality ever figured in our history than Mr. Webster. Mr. Clay had not only the vices of his time, but carried some of them to great excess. The man is yet living whom he sought out with anxious care, and inquired if all record of his transactions with the United States Bank had been destroyed before he defied his detractors to prove their charges against him. Martin Van Buren was, perhaps, more notoriously corrupt than any man of his time; yet the Freesoil party—the party of purity, liberty, and conscience, in its day—the party to which the Independent of to-day is proud to trace his political lineage—this party nominated Van Buren, knowing and believing the worst that was alleged against him, simply because they expected thereby to promote the cause which they had most at heart. Harrison, Polk, Pierce and Frémont are familiar instances of men who were in themselves ciphers, but who were selected to represent ideas, and were supported by their respective parties notwithstanding that fact. The idea that "personal character" is or can be the paramount question in a Presidential campaign was reserved for Mr. Curtis to formulate, and for the Independents of to-day to exemplify. What do they mean by "personal character?" Do they mean to analyze the whole life of each candidate, and test each act by the touchstone of the strictest morality? There is no reason why they should not. Every act of every man's life is a fair element for consideration, if "personal character is the paramount question." It is not, and Mr. Curtis knows it cannot be, the "paramount question," unless some man is nominated whose character is so foul and infamous as to threaten the debauchment and degradation of public morals or the peril of the state. The conflict is not so much between the two men—it is not a dog fight, nor a struggle between gladiators—but a contest between two great classes of citizens, very different from each other in character, motives, intelligence, and the general probability of good results to accrue to the country from their action. This is what the struggle means, and the real "paramount question" which each voter must decide for himself, is whether the good of the country is most likely to be promoted by the predominance of the Republican or the Democratic party. This "paramount question" cannot be shirked or dodged. It narrows itself down at the last analysis to the inquiry whether a party that gets its strength from the free, intelligent constituencies of the land, which is the professed friend, even if it has shown itself the cowardly betrayer, of the poor and the oppressed, is to be continued in control of the government, or shall we hand it over to a party, two-thirds of whose strength is drawn from the repression of majorities by fraud and violence. The underlying force of the Democratic party is that impulse which promoted rebellion, and its open, undisguised sentiment is that by hook or by crook, by fair means or by foul, the negro must be prevented from exercising an equal influence, man for man, with the white, in shaping the course of government. It is this force that the Independents favor when they declare for Grover Cleveland.

#### Pledged "Independents,"

It is a somewhat peculiar fact that every one who attended the Independent Conference in New York was required to sign a certain pledge before he was allowed to enter the door of the room in which the conference



was held. Of itself this fact would be accounted remarkable in our political history, but it is especially so when we consider who were the men by whom it was enforced. There are probably very few instances that will occur to the closest political student in which the participants in any convention or caucus were so distrusted by their fellows as to be required before taking part therein to sign a certain specific pledge. Except the "Know Nothing" party, it is probable that no other political organization which ever grew to the dimensions of a national party ever began its career of proselyting by demanding of every one who came to question or to consider its methods and purposes an antecedent pledge of principles. There is no reason why this method should not be adopted. A body of men who set out to form a party or establish a faction have a perfect right to require a pledge of adherence to specific principles or even a pledge to secrecy, if they desire, of every one who makes application to become a member thereof. It is only a question of policy and good faith of the personal honor of the applicant. It seems not only superfluous, but also a reflection upon the person required to give it. Why the Independents should demand a pledge of hostility against Mr. Blaine as a condition precedent to listening to the enlivening truths of their conference, it would be, perhaps, difficult to tell. It would seem like requiring the usher of a church to demand of every stranger that he sign the Apostles Creed before he crosses the threshold. The stranger might be seeking light, and on that very occasion might have desired to ascertain for himself whether he were willing to avouch the Apostles Creed or not. So those who desired to attend the conference of the Independents may have been among the doubting Thomases of our political life, desiring to go with its purest and most immaculate element, and yet doubtful whether it would do to break away from the body formed its basis. They may have desired to hear the remarks of these wise and good men who had gathered thus in virtuous self-abnegation in order that they might know what it was their duty to do. But the Eden was guarded by an angel with a flaming sword, or if not a flaming sword, a sharpened pencil and a pledge of adherence.

We have a feeling akin to pity for the good men who submitted to this unusual and uncalled for imputation upon their honor and good faith. The meeting had been widely advertised. The *Times*, *Post*, *Herald*, *World*, indeed, the whole newspaper press of the country opposed to Mr. Blaine had given the widest publicity to the call for this conference. It was not a delegated body of any great extent. Credentials were not required. If they had been, very few indeed of those who were present could have offered them. Perhaps a score or more sat as the representatives of some gathering, more or less authoritative, in different cities and towns. It was not intended or expected that those who came would be representatives of organized bodies, giving expression to the feelings and sentiments of others. On the contrary, the meeting was very largely tentative. It was desired to get together and professedly to feel the pulse of certain classes of men in regard to the present outlook in political affairs. The invitation was broad to all those who were dissatisfied with the Republican nomination. It included those who had not made up their minds as well as those who had determined upon their course of action. It was an invitation to all those who thought that certain elements of the Republican party might unite to do some-

thing by separate and independent action, whether in conjunction with the Democratic party or not. What must have been the feelings of such a man, seeking to learn and anxious to know his political duty, feeling that at least he was required to act with some organized body in protest against the course of his party. What must have been his feelings, when, coming to the door of the University Club Theatre, he found himself confronted with a demand that before entering the sacred precincts, he should pledge himself to do the very thing that he was questioning as to whether he ought to do or not. But aside from this dilemma, what an imputation was this pledge upon the honor of the men attending this conference. It was a plain and direct implication that they could not be trusted, that they must be bound, if not with an oath, at least with a written pledge. We are amazed that some of them should have submitted. It seems incredible that men whose proudest boast is that they carry their sovereignty under their own hats, should have concocted and submitted to this scheme for binding the freedom of action and determination of others. If a man had already made up his mind to oppose Blaine and Logan, and that fact was known from his public utterances, as in the case of three-fourths of those men, it was an affront of the most despicable character to thrust such a pledge into his face and demand its signature as a condition of admission. It was very well, indeed, to impose such conditions upon such men as Carl Schurz—a man whom a bond and mortgage would be insufficient to hold to any political belief long enough so that one might know whether he could be counted on at the day of election or not; a mere political adventurer, who has made traffic of his convictions and his pretended power to deliver the German vote at his pleasure, for a quarter of a century. It was very well to bind him with a pledge. But Mr. Codman must have felt proud, indeed, or any man of his character who had been making the welkin ring with protestations against the Republican nominations ever since the day they were made, to be confronted by a clerk saying, "Hold on, my dear sir, you can't go in until you have signed this little pledge." He must have wondered that his fellows had so little confidence in him as to demand the signature which should make a virtual bond out of his already expressed convictions. It is said to be the characteristic of conspirators that they require oaths and pledges. Surely there was no need for this in the present case; unless perchance these men who had just broken away from a great party with which they had acted up to the last moment with the utmost show of sincerity—unless these men had a lurking distrust of each other and did not dare to put themselves wholly into the hands of their fellows until those associates had been bound by a written pledge. It is a most humiliating view to take of such a movement, but it is one which forces itself upon our consideration all the more urgently when we regard the previous conduct of certain of its leaders in reference to a similar matter.

THOSE whose memories reach back even no further than the Republican Convention of 1884, will recall, in this connection, the emphatic vigor with which Mr. Curtis opposed the resolution introduced therein, pledging the delegates to the support of the candidates who might be nominated. Mounting a chair and turning his face, flushed with virtuous indignation, toward the body of the Convention, he declared, with uplifted gaze and trembling tones, that he "entered the Convention a free man, and by the help of God would leave

it a free man." So great was his regard for his personal dignity, the sovereignty that dwelt beneath his hat, that he could not regard with anything but the most indignant feelings a proposition that a body of gentlemen met to nominate candidates for the party should pledge themselves in advance to support those candidates. It was an infringement—so he argued—upon the right and dignity of a citizen, which his pure spirit could not for a moment endure. All the instincts of his nature rose in vehement remonstrance against the idea. First of all things in his heart was kept holy that noblest element of manhood—an unflexed will. He had come there, he told his hearers, to consult for the good of the country and of the party which they represented. "Doubtless they are all gentlemen," he said of the members of the Convention, and this was the final argument with which he clinched his protest against this act of tyranny upon the part of the majority, this display of ring tactics and ring power in the National Convention of the Republican party. The inevitable implication from his words was that it was an insult of the gravest magnitude to ask or expect a gentleman or a body of gentlemen to pledge themselves in advance to do or not to do a certain thing. They had met for consultation as citizens and as gentlemen. They were to be free, independent, unshackled. There is no question that Mr. Curtis's vehement eloquence on this occasion caused the withdrawal of the resolution, and left him at liberty to participate in the deliberations of the Convention until the very last minute, and repudiate its action afterward. We have never claimed that there was anything improper or dishonorable in this course, on the part of Mr. Curtis, or any other delegate, who chose to adopt it. There is, it is true, a general expectation that he who participates in the proceedings of a convention will support them, but it is absurd to insist that he is bound to do so. Until he knows the result he cannot say whether its action will permit him to take such course or not.

We have always been sorry that Mr. Curtis immediately upon the nomination of Mr. Blaine did not declare his opposition to him, and withdraw from the Convention. It is evident from all his subsequent course that he had previously made up his mind not to support Mr. Blaine should he be the nominee. In that case it was clearly and plainly his duty at once to have withdrawn from the Convention, and not to have returned and participated either actively or passively in the nomination of a Vice-President. We have steadily maintained, however, that in this matter Mr. Curtis acted with the most scrupulous and tender conscience. We have not been one of those who even intimated that it required a consultation with the firm of Harper & Bros. to determine what should be his course in the matter. Until the meeting of the Independent Conference we did not dream that his indignant protest against the resolution was a thunderbolt forged for the occasion, and representing no deliberate principle nor unconscious instinct. Mr. Curtis was one of the committee who made the preparations for the meeting of the conference. He was the most active and responsible man upon the committee. It cannot be doubted that this antecedent pledge which was imposed upon each member of the conference not only received his consent, but in all probability was devised by him as a means for securing, beyond a peradventure, the co-operation of those who were invited to act with them. No such vague generality, as "doubtless they are all gentlemen," would do to bind the professing Independents. The committee must have them down in black

and white. The pledge must be signed, sealed and delivered. The conclusion is irresistible either that Mr. Curtis did not regard the resolution pledging each member to support the nominees of the Convention as an affront to his manhood, or else that he did not feel with regard to those attending the Independent conference as he did in relation to the members of the Convention, that they were "doubtless all gentlemen." In other words, Mr. Curtis has in express terms declared that it is an insult to the members of a Republican Convention to ask them in advance to support its nominees, and by his unmistakable action he has declared that it is not only *not* an insult, but a *most desirable thing* to demand of every Independent attending its National Conference not a general vote to support its action, but an express, written, personal pledge to do so. As a Republican, he objects to being bound to do what the Convention might decide upon as best to be done; as an Independent, he evidently realizes with Josh Billings that "sech is the frailty of human natur' that it 'll bar watchin'." He went into the Republican Convention a free man. Thank God, he came out of it a free man, too. He carried his sovereignty into the Convention at Chicago under his hat, he brought it out under his hat; but when he went into the Independent conference, he took off his hat, signed away his freedom, and became a pledged creature of another's will. Two such glaring instances of inconsistent words and acts were hardly ever crowded into sixty days of the political life of any history. We hope Mr. Curtis can explain it, but it will need a good deal of black ink to do it. That a man whose gorge rises in uncontrollable protest against a general resolution, should swallow, smilingly, an enforced, written pledge of a like character, is to most people an inconceivable thing.

By the way, speaking of Mr. Curtis taking the pledge with smiling complacency reminds us of the immense amount of good nature which must have abounded at this queer love-feast of the Independents. According to the report in the *Times*, it was all smiles and good-nature from beginning to end. Mr. Schurz, we are told, inscribed his name to the pledge with "marked satisfaction." "Ready and warm recognition" was accorded arrivals of prominence." "Other familiar faces were welcomed heartily." "Mr. Curtis stood looking about him, proud alike of his reception and his audience." "Mr. Schurz and Theodore Lyman appeared on the stage, and Mr. Curtis smiled through the applause that greeted them." "Mr. Schurz stood twirling a slip of paper and looking very much pleased." In short, these iron-bound close-communicants seem to have had a very jolly season of mutual admiration. No one will feel inclined in any way to begrudge them the smiling and unforced assent of each firmly-pledged "delegate" to every proposition made by the committee by whom all things necessary to this feast of harmony were duly and truly prepared." Mr. Curtis has lately had occasion to give a new rendering of Matthew Arnold's idea of the blessed remnant, but he is not likely to get a better illustration of it than the three to five hundred self-approving souls that met together at the University Club to erect a political vane which should point the way the people ought to go.

WE do not object to political independence in a party or out of it. We entirely agree with the notion that every man's "sovereignty resides under his hat."



We do not believe that any party has a right to demand of any voter that he shall co-operate with it in the future, simply because he has done so in the past. We claim the right for ourselves and every American citizen to be a Republican to-day and a Democrat to-morrow, if he chooses. Such a thing as party allegiance does not properly belong to our American political system at all. The touchstone which should incline a man to support one party or another, or to join hands with others in building up a new one, is the after good of the republic. We claim to be the *most* independent of the independents. We need no committee or conference or advice to truss up our independence, so as to make it hold water. Whatever party, faction, or combination of men, by whatever name it may be called, shows itself, in our judgment, most likely to secure those results which we believe to be of the greatest importance in any given state of national affairs, that party or faction we will support and maintain, to the best of our knowledge and capacity, whether we stand alone or the whole nation joins hands with us. As to what may be for the national good, we stand ready to take every one's opinion, but no man's dictation. We do not feel bound to accept any statement as a fact, because we find it in a Republican platform. No man, or body of men, has a right to say to any citizen, with an authority that shall command assent: "This is the first duty of the hour. Parties are fallible as well as men, but each individual is responsible for his action as a citizen, and is bound to determine for himself what is the chief need of the impending future, and which of the available agencies is most likely to accomplish the best results. It is for this reason that we looked with no little anxiety and hope to the course of the so-called Independents in the present crisis of national affairs. It was the opinion of very many that the time had come when the institution of a new party might be a desirable if not an inevitable fact. It is with sorrow, therefore, as well as with something of indignation, that we chronicle the outcome of the Independent movement of 1884. It may be briefly stated thus:

*First.*—The exemplars of the movement have met for consultation in regard to the course which it is wisest to pursue, under an expressed, written pledge not to discuss that course.

*Second.*—The only positive conviction in regard to political principles which any man dared express in that Convention, according to the official report of its proceedings, seems to have been the idea that the "Republican party has outlived its usefulness" and "forgotten the principles on which it was founded." Even if this be true, the Independents very evidently have not found those principles, or any others which they dare to put forth and declare. Whether a protective tariff or free trade is better, they do not say. As to whether the Democratic party or the Republican is more likely to stand by good money and improve our business prospects, they have no opinion. Whether the elements of the Republican or Democratic party are more likely to secure political liberty throughout the country, and to give to every man the right to cast one ballot and have it counted once, they do not chance to declare.

*Third.*—They only say, "We do not like Mr. Blaine, and because we do not like him, or because we distrust his uprightness, we propose to castigate the party that sees fit to disregard our preference and make him their candidate." They say they do

not propose to leave the Republican party; they do not dare attach themselves to the Democracy, and they are afraid to stand alone. They have neither principles, nor promise of good in them.

*Fourth.*—One other declaration only they find the courage to make; and this one solitary, affirmative conviction which they express is of a most peculiar character. They say that they believe that Stephen G. Cleveland, the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency will be able to do—what? Why, to stand up against the Democratic party and prevent its doing harm to the republic. Did anybody ever dream that five hundred men could get together and put forward so absurd and ridiculous a ground for supporting the candidate of a party!

In fact their whole declaration of independence amounts to this: We wish to defeat the Republican party because it has nominated Blaine and Logan. We have no notion of abandoning that party. We expect to remain in its ranks and come again into its councils, employ its machinery, and court its preference. We think the only chance to defeat that party is to support the nominee of the Democratic party. We have no sort of confidence in the Democracy. We know that it is the party of misrule and of rebellion—the party which is most strongly opposed to the theory and practice of civil service; that its strength to-day depends upon the fact that it secures one-half its power by fraud or violence—by the use of the breach-loading shotgun or the breech-loading ballot-box. But we think—we guess, we have a notion, that Stephen G. Cleveland is a big enough man to keep the Democratic party from doing very much harm in the ensuing four years.

MR. HIGGINSON—who, by the way, seemed the most out of place of any man there—said at the Independent Conference in relation to the abolition movement: "It had such a beginning as this, and this will end as that did." There is no man in the whole land for whom we have a warmer regard than Mr. Higginson. He was one of the leaders of the movement of which he spoke; we, one of its humblest followers. He was already at the forefront of the conflict when we gathered in its holy principles with our mother's milk. His name has always been a venerated one in our household. We do not know him; never saw him; never spoke to him; indeed, we never addressed him but one letter, the reply to which was so curt as to discourage us from further attempts in that direction. Nevertheless, we have never abated one jot or tittle in our admiration for that sturdy manhood that made him the friend of John Brown, the knightly leader of the first colored troops, and the champion always of individual liberty and right. We think he made a great mistake when he convinced himself that the work to which he had given his manhood was accomplished. We think he has abandoned to-day the weightier matters of the law for the "mint and the cummin" of dilatory administrative methods. We lose faith sometimes. We almost wish the time might come, as come it will ere long, when the veil will be stripped away, and the hesitancy, cowardice, doubt and shame that cover the action of the country in regard to the negro shall be seen in some other light than that of Bostonian perfectibility or absolute reliance upon the invincible power of the almighty dollar to change the hearts of men. There is, perhaps, no man living whose words we would more



gladly accept as the indubitable gospel of truth with regard to the abolition movement than those of Thomas Wentworth Higginson. But when he says that the abolition movement began as this Independent movement has begun, we beg to exercise our own independence and believe him to be in error. That movement was cradled in opprobrium and reproach. It had its home with the poor. It met in barns and cross-roads' schoolhouses, and grew strong on tar and feathers and rotten eggs. Hatred and violence were its daily bread. It was twenty years old before it could hold a meeting in any city in peace. Boston was the second time the cradle of liberty, and rocked that cradle with angry vehemence. A few ill-assorted, nameless cranks made up the rank and file of its workers. Now and then a respectable man and a great name became mixed up in its turbulence. A dozen of its members could not meet together in New York without throwing the city into a ferment. It was not born in a club-house, but hatched on a dung-hill. It was not dressed in purple and fine linen, but swaddled in rags and patches. It did not live on negations, but declared itself in favor of great principles. It did not count a dollar worth more than a human soul, but claimed the humblest human being's right to be infinitely beyond price! There is no room for comparison between the two. Contrast is the only possible relation that can exist between the old Abolition movement and the new-fangled Independent idea.

MORE than one of the speakers at the Independent Conference declared that they were not in favor of a campaign "based upon private character." Why not? Mr. Curtis assures us that "personal character" is the "paramount question in the present campaign." Is not "private character" a most important—nay, we will say the most important—element of "personal character?" Are our friends afraid to have the private character of Stephen Grover Cleveland investigated and exposed? Are they unwilling to put the moral characteristics of the self-indulgent, cold-blooded, half-hearted old bachelor beside the domestic life of James G. Blaine? Do our friends, the Independents, pretend to claim that private character is not the basis and bulwark of public virtue? Are we to take the debauched and depraved in private life as the exemplars and upholders of public morals? The Republican party has reason to be proud of the private character and domestic virtues of those it has placed in the White House. The tender household life of Abraham Lincoln is yet shrined in the hearts of many millions. Our young children know the story of that life, although no poet or historian has accounted it worthy of tender narrative. Even in the midst of unparalleled infamy and detraction, no man has ever dared to breathe a word against the domestic life of General Grant. Garfield took the sweet home-life from the Mentor farm and enshrined it, without change or modification, in the purlieus of the White House. If character is to be the paramount question of the campaign, why not take the whole character into consideration? A heart is not often rotten at one end and entirely sound at the other. One is not surprised that Daniel Webster sold his principles, whether for money or ambition, or for both, when he remembers that long before his nature, personal character, and consequently his moral being had become debauched past all hope of salvation. If parties are to count for nothing, if principles are to be thrown aside, if the personal character of the candidate is to be *all*, let us make a fair test and deliver

an honest verdict. Let us strip away every shade of concealment and set the two naked characters, side by side, in the focus of the world's sight, and let us honestly determine which has the most black spots upon his moral being. But let us not put the mantle of charity and concealment over forty years of one man's life, and say that during this time he did nothing, he did not like. He had no character, he made no history, because he was hidden in obscurity. While the nation made the earth vocal with the groans of travail in a second birth of liberty, he slept in darkness. During all the years that have been filled with mighty thoughts and great events, he never had a public idea and never did a public act. Let us not put beside his, a life, which, for a quarter of a century has been crowded with exertion, exposed to the hot-blast of temptation in the very furnace heat of great events, and say, "We will compare this man's four years of public life with that man's twenty-five years, but you shall not push the comparison beyond." For ourselves, we think the whole idea of making personal character the paramount issue is an unsafe and absurd one. Not that we would at all discountenance the consideration of the public life or the private life if it be a flagrantly bad one, of any candidate. We think that in the case of the nomination of such a man as Daniel Webster for the Presidency, it would have been an undoubted duty for some one to have held up the full enormity of his private life to the public scorn and disgust. Foul examples should never be set in high places. Corruption, debauchery, whatever form of private vice may have seized upon a man's soul so as to canker its whole surface and set an example of evil to the young of the nation should never be hidden away beneath the pretended veil of private life, and one so infected should never be placed in such an exalted position. When such evil is of a very flagrant character, it may well dominate all other considerations of policy and subordinate all other issues to the assertion of private virtue. As a rule, however, the proper test of character which may be considered and discussed in a political campaign is, whether it is such as is likely to bring open disgrace or absolute danger upon the country. If any man believes that Mr. Blaine's public character is such that he will not discharge with honor, efficiency and safety the duties of the Presidential position, then it becomes the duty of such a person to aid in encompassing his defeat. If any father believes that the private character of Mr. Cleveland is such that he would hardly have it whispered in his daughter's ear, it becomes his duty to consider what will be the effect upon the morals of the nation (already terribly debauched in this respect—a nation in which divorce is becoming almost as frequent as marriage) of the elevation of one thus defiant of social law to the highest place in the national government.

WE hear a great deal in these days about the greatness of Grover Cleveland. So far as we are able to find out from any published work recording his words and deeds, his greatness consists of a very few things:

First.—He was a fair sheriff, and hung his men with neatness and dispatch.

Second.—He was a good mayor, and defeated all jobs in which his friends were not interested.

Third.—He was a good reform Governor as long as reform did not lay its fingers on Hubert O. Thompson or the Manning machine.

Fourth.—He wears a twenty-six inch collar, and buys his trousers by the acre.

A. W. TOWNSE.

